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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. ESTABLISHED 1846

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1879.

Price Ten Cents.



DASTARDLY DEED OF DISGUISED RUFFIANS—THE ATROCIOUS AND MYSTERIOUS INDIGNITY TO WHICH A YOUNG TEACHER WAS SUBJECTED BY A GANG OF UNKNOWN MISCREANTS, ATTIRED AS WOMEN, WHO ENTER THE SCHOOL-HOUSE, STRIP HER OF HER CLOTHING, AND COMPEL HER TO TAKE TO THE WOODS IN A NUDE CONDITION; NEAR MARSHALL, ILL.—SEE PAGE 2.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

The Oldest Illustrated Weekly, Established 1846
 RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.
 Office : 2, 4 & 6 Reade Street, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
 SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1879.

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To Artists and Photographers.

We solicit sketches of noteworthy occurrences from persons of artistic ability in all parts of the United States. We also invite photographers in every section of the Union to forward us photographs of interesting events and of individuals prominently concerned in them. The matter should be forwarded to us at the earliest possible moment after the occurrence, and, if acceptable, will be liberally paid for. Persons capable of producing such sketches, as well as photographers throughout the country, are respectfully requested to send name and address to this office. This will on no occasion be published, unless desired, but is simply held as a guarantee of good faith.

Answers to Correspondents.

Persons who cannot conveniently obtain the GAZETTE through newdealers, will confer a favor if they will notify us of that fact, with address.

W. P. B., Wilmington, N. C.—Of local interest only.

A. M. H., South Carrollton, Ky.—Item arrived too late.

F. B. T., Bridgeport, Conn.—See item elsewhere; thanks.

CHIEF GRAUL, Paterson, N. J.—Thanks for the attention the same.

R. A. C., St. Albans, Vt.—Have published account of the occurrence.

R. P. M., Council Bluffs, Iowa.—It is a matter of local interest solely.

CORRESPONDENT, Cynthiana, Ky.—Have published item; could not use sketch.

CORRESPONDENT, San Francisco, Cal.—Items sent were noted in the preceding issue.

KNELL, Leavenworth, Ind.—Could not make use of it; by mail concerning other matters.

ROBINSON, Chico, Cal.—Have noted occurrence and could not use sketch; thanks for attention.

E. C. T., Dodge City, Kan.—Have not used it because matters of that sort are of little or no general interest.

M. W., Cohoes, N. Y.—Much obliged for the attention. We published it last week as you have, perhaps, already seen.

CAPTAIN GIVIN, Philadelphia.—Thanks for courtesies. Portrait will appear in our next issue. Not at hand as we go to press.

CHIEF PARADIS, Montreal, Can.—Thanks for courtesy; matter previously attended to, however. Trust you will favor us similarly again.

T. T., Mobile, Ala.—Send sketch of the locality, sufficient to establish its authenticity, and we will publish it; otherwise it is of no use to us.

CORRESPONDENT, Pleasanton, Texas.—You give us no details of the affair or matter for illustration and we could make no use of the mere announcement.

E. R., Albany, Texas.—Matter appears with illustration. Shall be glad to have you favor us again with equally good sketches of interesting happenings in your section.

H. E. B., Kosciusko, Miss.—Do not publish such occurrences unless attended by special circumstances; altogether too frequent and monotonous, take the country over, to be at all out of the commonplace.

D. P. W., Lebanon, Pa.—We shall probably be able to use the picture advantageously at some future time; thanks. Do not fail to send the portraits in question if they can possibly be obtained at any time.

A. L. F., Nebraska City, Neb.—Obliged for the attention, but could not make use of the sketch. Shall be glad to have you favor us similarly again, but please indicate the details and surroundings more accurately.

F. F. C., Wheatland, Cal.—Diagram of the house and full particulars alluded to, not yet at hand. Portrait arrived too late for this issue. Will certainly use it in our next with any additional matter received meanwhile. Please notify newdealers and others interested to that effect.

W. J. R., Detroit, Mich.—You can obtain what you wish through the POLICE GAZETTE. Really, we know of no other medium through which you can be anything like as well supplied in that respect. If you have a file of the GAZETTE or can obtain a glance at one you will be convinced of this by turning over the leaves of the issues of the past few months.

FRANK HOLLOWELL, Lynchburg, Va.—Cannot aid you in your quest for vile and obscene literature, as we have frequently in this column informed other parties of low-down tastes in your city, which we begin to believe must be specially infected with the moral leprosy with which you are afflicted. We have consigned your precious epistle to Mr. Comstock, of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, and perhaps he may yet give you some light on this dark subject. We trust so, at all events.

A. M. G., Kingston, N. Y.—Portraits appear in this issue. The others referred to were not received at this office, as we have previously stated several times in this column and elsewhere. In regard to the sketch sent, it was entirely too late, even if it had been of any service whatever for the purpose of illustration, as it decidedly was not, since we had given the matter pictorial attention in the preceding issue. By the way, don't you think it rather a curious request that, while you admit that the sketch is poor, you should ask to be compensated for it as if it were good, all the same? That isn't exactly the way they do business in this section.

TRAMP LEGISLATION.

Ohio follows Pennsylvania in enacting severe repressive measures for the tramp nuisance. The bill of fare provided for the reception of the roving mendicant in the Buckeye state is substantially as follows: In the first place he is generally defined as an individual going about begging and seeking to subsist upon charity, outside of the limits of even the county in which he claims a residence or a home.

Any such individual entering a dwelling house, or a yard or enclosure about any dwelling house not only against the will, but without absolutely the permission of the owner or occupant, or refusing to leave the same when ordered by the owner or occupant, or carrying fire arms or other dangerous weapons, or threatening either the person or property of a resident, shall be imprisoned in the penitentiary not less than one year on the facts in the case being proved against him. Further than this, any person may apprehend a tramp upon such charges and take him before a justice of the peace for examination upon it. Females and blind persons are, however, as under the provisions of the Pennsylvania law, exempt from its operation.

It will be seen that this act, which goes into effect from the first of the present month, while giving the unfortunate vagrant who offends against it a very small show, arms the rural resident with a formidable weapon against the dreaded tramp. There may and probably will be cases of hardship occurring under it, but, assuredly, it must give a protection to communities that stand in need of it that has long been demanded. In this regard the prospective severity of its operation can scarcely be deeply deplored. The rural resident and his family are obliged to be there. The tramp is not. And if he deems the law a tyrannical one there is nothing to prevent him giving the state that ordains it a wide berth and seeking other pastures in those whose legislatures are more tender-hearted than that of the Buckeye state. There is no discretion in his favor possible on the part of the magistrate before whom he may be brought. If he is proved to have violated the provisions of the law he must go to the penitentiary for at least one year and he may be sent there for three if the magistrate sees fit to regard him as an aggravated case.

What the effect of this wholesome enactment will be remains to be seen, but there is good reason to anticipate that it will prove almost a specific for the long-endured evil. In some parts of Pennsylvania that have heretofore been particularly infested by tramps, it is stated that the fraternity are already beginning to show indications of a preference for sections more favored, from a tramp point of view. It is said that threats have been made by some of retaliatory measures upon the community, on a general principle of revenge upon society, in the way of burning barns and the like, and much alarm has been created among the farmers thereby on account of fires, of alleged tramp origin, that have already taken place in some localities. It is altogether unlikely, however, that such threats will amount to anything serious. The tramp knows the vulnerable point of a farmer and is well aware that such an apprehension will fill him with dread. The law is sufficiently severe as it is and it is absurd to suppose that the vagrant brotherhood will do anything to make the situation still more unbearable, as would assuredly be the case if they attempted any such blind revenge, even if they should venture to take the risk they would have to assume to secure it, by remaining in a section that regards them with so little favor.

ANOTHER FIELD FOR THEORY.

Scarcely is the Hull case well off their hands than the police are called upon to wrestle with what has the appearance of being another mysterious murder problem. With the fate of their finely-drawn theories in the former case still so fresh in their minds, however, they positively decline to formulate any, and do not hesitate to acknowledge that in this instance, if never before or hereafter, they are absolutely without a theory. It is, indeed, rather hard lines for the sorely-tried police intellect, as there appears to be actually no one against whom they can direct the finger of suspicion, not a head visible at which to take a whack. The lone Tipperary gentleman at Donnybrook was not more at a loss in this direction. No newspaper man has yet taken hold of the case, nor is any one likely to, since the matter, not being veiled in any official mystery and surrounded by official prohibitions, presents no temptation to journalistic enterprise to just go in and ferret the whole thing out as a beat on rival journals.

Mysterious Outrage Upon a School Teacher.

[Subject of Illustration.]

[Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.]

MARSHALL, Ill., June 25.—A mysterious outrage was committed near this place a short time since, the particulars of which have not yet been fully revealed. The victim was a young and attractive lady, engaged in teaching a school about ten miles south of Marshall. On the day in question, after her school had been dismissed, and while she was alone in the school-room, four or five individuals, apparently women, but

who proved to be men disguised in female attire, unceremoniously entered, stripped the teacher of all her clothing, and then compelled her, by threats of violence, to take to the woods in a nude condition. In this state she was seen by a gentleman, who happened, fortunately, to be passing in the vicinity, and who followed her until he learned the story of the outrageous indignity to which she had been subjected. He then proceeded hurriedly to a neighboring house and procured suitable apparel for her, thus relieving her from the distressing dilemma in which she had been placed by the dastardly deed of the ruffian's scoundrels. No clue to the parties who concocted this vile and cowardly plot has yet been obtained, and their motive, which would seem to indicate petty spite against their helpless victim on the part of some one, is involved in profound mystery.

The Hansell-Simmons Tragedy.

[With Portraits.]

The shooting of Jacob Hansell by his employer, Martin Simmons, at Burlington, N. Y., on the night of June 25th, while in a fit of jealousy, is still the sensation of that quiet little village. Hansell, a young man of twenty-four, came from the west about four years ago, and in answer to an advertisement, procured a position as salesman with Atwater & Simmons, merchants of that place. Being of good appearance, quick and active, he soon gained the confidence of his employers, and was regarded by them as also by the residents of the section in which he lived, as an exemplary young man. One characteristic was severely criticized, namely, an anxious desire to open a flirtation with the opposite sex, married or single. He was a constant visitor at the house of Martin Simmons, the junior member of the firm, and social games of chess and euchre, were often indulged in by Hansell and his employer and his wife. His visits to Simmons' house were frequent, whether Simmons was there or not. Nothing was thought of this until about three months ago, when a young man on not altogether good terms with Hansell, began circulating a report that Hansell's visits to Simmons' residence were for no good purpose. This, (as it was intended it should), came to the ears of Simmons, who thence watched with a jealous eye the movements of Hansell and his wife.

On Wednesday, the 25th ult., Simmons stated his intention of going to New York. He did not do so, however, but laid in wait near his house, which he entered about nine o'clock in the evening, and, finding his wife and Hansell seated on a lounge together, drew a pistol and fired, the ball entering Hansell's side. Hansell rushed from the room and had proceeded but a short distance up the road, when he fell from exhaustion.

Simmons was arrested and held to await the result of his injuries. On the morning of the 4th inst., Hansell died from the effects of his wound. He frequently said while confined to his bed that, "Mart" had no reason to shoot him, as he never did anything to disgrace either him or his family. This assertion was supported by that of Mrs. Jennie Simmons, the wife of the murderer, who says that her husband must have committed the deed while in a fit of insane jealousy. It is reported that she intends to bring an immediate action for divorce. The people in the vicinity of the scene of the crime strongly condemn Simmons' act.

Portraits of the parties concerned in the tragedy are given elsewhere.

Probable Wife Murder.

Mary E. Sanford, twenty years of age, was shot twice by her husband, John Sanford, on the evening of the 5th, in their rooms at 322 Tenth avenue. Sergeant Allen, of the Thirty-seventh street police, said: "All that we can gather about the shooting is from John McVey, a grocer's lad, of 456 West Thirty-second street. The lad said he had been ordered by his employer not to deliver any goods to the Sanfords; that if they wanted anything they should come to the store themselves. Mrs. Sanford had, however, persuaded McVey to carry a pail of coal up to her house. On his entering the apartments he found Mr. and Mrs. Sanford engaged in a fight. They had evidently been drinking. McVey waited for his money, when suddenly he saw John Sanford draw a pistol and discharge it at his wife. She screamed and fell down, when Sanford, with an oath, shot her again. Captain Washburn, who happened to be passing by with Sergeant Combs, ran into the house and arrested Sanford. The prisoner is a block turner in a paper factory."

Mrs. Sanford, who, it is thought, is fatally wounded, was shot through the left breast and arm. She was taken to Roosevelt Hospital. The ambulance surgeon, who probed the wounds, said he thought Mrs. Sanford would die. Jealousy is said to have led to the shooting.

Finale to a Memorable Murder Case.

CONCORD, N. H., July 10.—Buzzell was executed in the jail here at six minutes past eleven o'clock this morning. After making a hurried prayer he said:—"The Lord be with me; this is not the teaching of Christ."

He died in nineteen minutes. It will be remembered that Buzzell was convicted on the testimony of a young man named Cook, who swore that he had hired him to shoot Miss Susan A. Hanson, his victim, because she was bringing a suit for breach of promise against Buzzell. The latter had previously been suspected of the crime, tried and acquitted, but on Cook's testimony he was again arrested and convicted. A great sensation was created a short time since on account of revelations concerning two Boston detectives named Cohn and Conway who had worked up the case against Buzzell. Some trouble arose as to the payment of the awards to the detectives for their work, and Cohn threatened, if he was not paid, to show that the conviction was a "put up job," and afterward obtained from Cook another affidavit declaring the innocence of Buzzell. Another hearing for Buzzell was then obtained before the Supreme Court, which, however, refused to inter-

fere with the verdict. Petitions were then signed throughout the state requesting the Governor to commute the sentence, but this was denied, and the legislature, which was at last appealed to, also declined to interfere.

Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portrait.]

Mlle. Sara Bernhardt, the distinguished artiste, of the Theatre Francaise, Paris, whose portrait we present on another page, is entitled, par excellence, to a pre-eminent place in our gallery of stage notables. Great as Mlle. Bernhardt's fame is in her native city, the gay capital of the world, it is evidently destined to be largely augmented by the lovers of art in other lands. Already she has captured the London theatre-going public, creating a sensation among the patrons of the drama that has rarely been equaled in our generation, and there is every probability, if not certainty, that she will appear before American audiences within a year or two, at most, provided her Parisian adherents do not forcibly detain her, or the people of some of the other European capitals do not more peremptorily demand her presence before she wings her way across the broad Atlantic.

The character in which she is represented in the portrait given of her, that of *Dona Sol*, in the powerful play of "Hernani," is one of her most remarkable impersonations, and has taken London by storm, after a fashion altogether novel to the coldly refined audiences of the British metropolis.

A Youthful Lover's Alleged Villainy.

[With Portrait.]

Philip Salter, whose portrait appears on another page, a young man about twenty-two years of age, was arrested at Clarkstown, N. Y., on Monday, 23rd ult., charged with having committed a rape on the person of Miss Emma Ludlow, the previous evening. Salter had been paying attention to the young lady for some time, and called upon her on the Sunday evening in question. Her parents and brother had gone to church, and, according to Emma's sworn statement, her admirer had been in the house but a short time when, learning that she was alone, he forcibly accomplished his purpose. Constable Madden captured Salter about two miles from his home, early on the morning of the 23rd ult., as he was about making his escape. The prisoner has heretofore borne a good character. Bail was refused, and he was committed to await the action of the Grand Jury.

Murderer Davidson Executed.

[With Portrait.]

WARRENSBURG, Mo., July 9.—Frank Davidson, who killed William Haggerty on September, 21, 1878, and who was sentenced to be hanged to-day, spent a very restless night. He got asleep a little after two A. M., and slept until five o'clock. He was baptized this morning at fifteen minutes to nine by Elder Foy of the Christian Church. At eleven o'clock Davidson left the hotel in which he was kept, guarded by a detachment of the Holden Guards. After prayer and speeches at the gallows by Elder Foy and the Rev. Mr. Shockley, he bade farewell to all. The black cap was put on and the drop fell at six minutes to twelve. The fall was five feet. His neck was broken, and in fifteen minutes he was dead, and was cut down. Ten thousand persons were present. The body will be sent to his father at Linwood, Kansas.

The Passaic Tragedy.

[With Portraits.]

In our preceding issue we gave an account of the murderous assault of James Kane, a giant in size and strength, upon his wife, a delicate little woman, in Passaic, N. J., on the night of the 30th ult., and of the capture of the ruffian a short time subsequently, after a desperate resistance, by Chief of Police G. H. Oldis, of that city. In the current issue we give authentic portraits of the wanton perpetrator of this most cruel and utterly causeless crime, and of Chief Oldis, his heroic captor, a fearless and efficient officer, whose brave and energetic discharge of the duties of his office, as shown on numerous previous occasions, no less than his many amiable personal qualities have rendered him extremely popular with all classes of his fellow citizens.

Mrs. Potts, the Famous Long Distance Pedestrienne.

[With Portrait.]

On another page we present an excellent portrait of Mrs. Helen Potts, the famous female walker, whose prospective successful performance of the wonderful feat of walking from Philadelphia to New Orleans, a distance of 1,200 miles, in 150 days, has created an immense sensation in the South, in every city and town which she has taken in on her wonderful journey, and which certainly deserves a more general recognition than she has yet received. At last accounts this marvel of female endurance was pursuing her task, with every probability in her favor, having until the 26th of July to complete it, which she is certain to do with ease, barring accidents, in her present physical condition.

A High-toned Chicago Burglar.

[With Portrait.]

B. P. Morton, whose portrait appears on another page, is a well-known and expert Chicago burglar, who was recently captured by Detective Aldrich, of that city, for numerous burglaries committed there within the past few months. Morton belongs to an old and influential family, is a well educated man and was formerly engaged in the upholstery business until tempted into the "crooked" ways in which he has become an expert. He is at present in Cook county jail, in default of \$1,000 bail, awaiting trial for his crimes.

The adjutant-general of Texas publishes a list of nearly 5,000 fugitive criminals who have fled from that state, 851 of whom are accused of murder.

BULL AND BEAR.

Not the Kind that Delight to Growl and
Gore and Bite in Wall Street, But
the Genuine Article

OF THE BRUTE CREATION.

Between Whom a Savage Contest is Gotten
up to Make a Country Holiday in a
Little Pennsylvania Town

BY NO LESS BRUTAL HUMANS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

About seven hundred persons assembled at the place near Custer City, Pa., on the afternoon of the 1st inst., to witness what was reported to be a mortal combat between a bull and a bear, which is described as follows by the Bradford (Pa.) Era:

Before the train had moved from the depot the crowd made a rush for the pit where the widely advertised fight was to take place. It lay about fifty rods east of the village, in a piece of woodland. On the outside were a wheel of fortune, a chuck-luck and sweat-board, and other gambling devices. The pit in which the fight took place was eleven feet deep, twenty-six feet wide and thirty-eight feet long. There were eleven rows of seats ranged around the pit, after the fashion of those used in a circus. At half past two o'clock there were about

FIVE HUNDRED PERSONS OCCUPYING SEATS.

In a few moments the door into the pit was thrown open, Taurus sent into the pit with a rush and the door quickly closed. At the corners of the pit above were men with heavy oaken clubs to prevent the bear from leaping out of the pit. On two sides were others with long, sharp poles to goad the brutes to action should they be backward in their movements. The bear, a shaggy-coated, brown animal, weighing three hundred pounds, stood looking toward the top of the pit wistfully for liberty. The bull was trimlimbed, with stout, sharp horns, and weighed 1,700 pounds. In his nose was a ring, and around the horns was tied a band of bright red ribbon. As the bull jumped into the arena, every voice was hushed and every eye fixed on the brutes. "Duke" (the bull's name) stopped suddenly in the center of the pit and gazed fiercely at "Cuff" (the name given by its master to Bruin). Cuff, after an interval of a few moments, turned his head slowly around and

GLARED WILDLY AT HIS ANTAGONIST.

First round—The bear, springing quickly around to face the bull, incited that animal to action. Duke moving slowly toward him, Cuff standing up on his hind legs and growling savagely. Quick as thought the bull sprang on the bear and sent him to the earth. Bruin scratched with all fours and roared with madness as Duke gored him in the sides. Getting a chance, he regained his feet and dashed into a corner, the bull making no attempt to follow.

Second round—Being driven into the bear's corner by the men with poles, the bull made a desperate pass at Bruin with his horns. Duke sent the bear four feet in the air, and when he fell with a thud at the bottom of the pit the bull made a daring charge. Bruin retaliated by sending his long claws mercilessly into the bull's neck, and tore a three-inch slit into one of his ears. Beads of blood stood out on the bull's neck, and gore dripped from his wounded ear. Taurus withdrawing slightly, the bear bounded to his feet, rushed to the northeast corner of the pit and attempted to clamber out, but was beaten back. Making another desperate rush, he fastened his long claws in the top of the pit. In endeavoring to push him back he struck one of the men's arms and sent his claws deep into the flesh. Then, like lightning, the brute sprang out of the pit into the seats above. A yell of horror rose from the

PANIC-STRIKEN SPECTATORS.

Women and children screamed. The crowd rushed from the bear in fright. The animal bounded toward the top seat and sent his sharp claws into the flesh of a woman unable to get out of his way quickly enough. The terrified female jumped to the ground below—a distance of fully twenty-five feet.

Reaching the top seat, forty feet from the ground, the bear surveyed the distance but would not jump. He passed along the seat to south side. It was here the band was seated, and they fled with the others in wild dismay. Some jumped through the seats to the ground and ran for their lives. Those on the seats surged, pushed and crowded to the opposite side as fast as possible. In several places the boards broke and the terror-stricken occupants tumbled to the ground. Bruin continued his way to the southwest corner of the coliseum, where he sat down complacently on the top seat. The panic lasted for ten minutes. The bear was trying desperately to get away from the crowd, which also was making the finest kind of time in

ATTEMPTING TO GET AWAY FROM THE BEAR.

During this excited period Taurus looked up at the wild throng with apparent amazement. As the bear was moving along the upper seat, Marsh, the owner, ran up and tried to capture him. He pulled handfuls of hair from Bruin's coat, but could not check his course. When quiet at last prevailed, a chain and long rope were secured, the former fastened around the bear's head, and the end taken to the opposite side. Marsh then asked the trembling spectators, "Are you satisfied, or will I put the bear back into the pit?" "Put him in! put him in!" yelled the crowd. "All right; but he is already licked," said Marsh. The people clamored for the fight to go on. Bruin was pulled down over the seats to the pit, and with a quick jerk sent heavily to the bottom of the arena, fully fourteen feet.

The third and fourth rounds were uneventful.

Fifth round—The bear was panting in the corner

and the bull standing in the center of the pit. In trying to drive the bear out a number of persons cried out, "Let him rest!" "Give him a chance—he has the worst of it!" "Kill him!" etc. Driving the bull up to the corner, the bear flew at him and fell to the earth. The bull rolled poor Bruin over and over

UNTIL HE GROANED WITH PAIN.

Cuff bounded to his feet and into the corner on the first opportunity.

Sixth round—Cuff added new wounds to Duke's torn ear, and the latter was willing to withdraw. The picadores invigorated the bull by jabbing him rudely in the sides. Bruin lanced the bull's neck in a dozen places with his keen claws, and thoroughly subdued the bull. From the multitude of voices could be heard a cry, "\$20 to \$12 on the bear."

Seventh round—Taurus was fully satisfied with the combat. Going to a side of the pit he reared on his hind legs and attempted to get out. He was clubbed back and driven up to the bear with great reluctance. After a brief bout the bull turned and fled, completely cowed. He ran from side to side, hoping to find a chance to escape. Marsh called to those who goaded the poor animal to desist. He said, "The bull is whipped and I will not let them fight any more." The crowd cried stoutly in opposition, and

THE FIGHT WENT ON.

Eighth round—Being driven up to Cuff's corner, the bear screamed and leaped at the bull. Duke caught him on his horns and hurled Bruin into the corner. The crowd yelled with delight, and cried, "Punch him up! drive him up!"

The ninth round was very tame. Both animals seemed afraid.

The three last rounds were without interest. Roughs took control. A rope was thrown over the bull's horns, and the poor brute dragged up to the bear. The bear was too much exhausted to offer resistance to the goring received from the bull. Once Bruin almost made his escape through the bull's entrance-door, by taking a rope which fastened it in his mouth and pulling the door partially open. On the last round the bear fell in the corner and was unable to rise. His sides heaved, he breathed painfully, and blood streamed from his mouth. Cheers were given for the bull by some. Some more brutal ones wanted the fight to go on, but they were overruled. The time of the combat was one hour and ten minutes.

The bull was removed, but the bear lay for fifteen minutes, and was finally dragged out of the pit into his cage. He will in all probability die from his injuries.

ITALIAN ASSASSINS.

Trial of Six Members of a Secret League for
a Murder Committed Two Years Ago.

A criminal case of more than ordinary interest has recently been tried in Naples. It is that of six members of the Camorra—Raffaele Esposito and five accomplices, or rather mandatories—for the murder, on the 10th of August, 1877, of a certain Vincenzo Borrelli. The victim was an old member and dignitary of the association, who had turned spy and informer. His proceedings had become a source of so much inconvenience to his old companions, among whom he still lived in the Atrio del Cavallo, that they finally determined to put him out of the way. The men now being tried accordingly agreed to sup together at a wine shop and decided how the deed was to be done and who should do it. They drew lots, and the task fell to Raffaele Esposito, nicknamed "Il Passeriello," the little sparrow. According to one report, Borrelli's mistress owed him a few sous. He had asked her for payment; she refused, and he struck her, whereupon she

THREATENED HIM WITH BORRELLI'S VENGEANCE.

At this he took fright, gave her money and other presents, but in vain; and then the Camorristi, glad of the opportunity of finding a ready instrument for getting rid of the object of their hatred and fear, worked upon Esposito to kill him and gave him the means. Whichever may be the exact version, the leading features are the same. Borrelli's death decreed, Esposito lay in wait for his victim and fired at him from behind; but, the shot not proving at once fatal, Borrelli had time to recognize his assailant, to call him by name, and to cry out for pursuit. Some soldiers who were near started after him and caught him; but a crowd as quickly dashed to the rescue, and the soldiers, in danger of being torn to pieces, had to relinquish their prisoner. The next day all the haunts of Camorra were in a state of intense excitement. Collectors went about gathering contributions to insure Esposito's escape, and in the evening a tumultuous crowd of women went off to the dead-house of the cemetery, where the murdered man's body had been taken, and, getting possession of it, subjected it to

INDISCRIBABLE INDIGNITIES.

A few days later Esposito, finding there was no chance of eluding the vigilance of the police, or at the instance, as one account has it, of a priest to whom he had gone to confess, determined to give himself up. On the day he was committed to prison an immense multitude, in obedience to the Camorra, thronged the streets through which the police had to lead him, and as he passed they threw him money and cigars, and showered flowers upon him. He went to jail as if he was a hero and martyr rather than a criminal. This demonstration aroused the authorities to the folly of the indifference, if not the indulgence, with which they had treated the Camorra. The police were set to work with unusual activity, the accomplices of Esposito were soon secured, and it is stated that the process of instruction, which has taken to years to complete, has led to the arrest and indictment of as many as seventy-eight members of the association.

Murderer Arrested.

ALBANY, N. Y., July 6.—John William Kehn, who, in a quarrel last Thursday night killed Charles Cready with the blow of a stone, which fractured the skull, was arrested at twelve o'clock last night in Knowersville, this county, and has been lodged in jail.

A CUNNING CONSPIRACY.

Brooklyn's Latest Social Scandal, Involving
two Highly Respectable Families and De-
veloping an Ingeniously Devised Alleged
Effort to Seize a Wife's Fortune, Mingled
with Counter Accusations of Marital In-
fidelity.

A romantic scandal has lately been unearthed by the Brooklyn Eagle in the City of Churches, and what is somewhat unusual, the scandal attaches to the household of a Quaker family. The story as told by the Eagle is substantially as follows:

Old John Quick—let that be his name for the present, for the sake of one innocent person in the strange and startling drama—old John Quick was a wealthy Friend, straight after the straightest of his sect. By steady work and plodding energy he heaped up riches, knowing not who should gather them. Day in, day out, the chink of gold newly gotten fell upon his ear, and so the months and years rolled on. Hedwelt in a well-ordered house with his wife and only child, a daughter. The girl had suitors, for she was comely, but the old man drove them away, for they were carnal and not after the fashion of his faith. The girl was well taught, and no pains were spared to make her full of knowledge. The old man doted on her and her mother

PRIZED HER ABOVE ALL EARTHLY GOODS.

There were goodly youths around who would fain have spoken soft words to the maiden, but the garden gate was forbidden and the sweet flirtations of the Lord's day were as the sin of Cain. Nobody came to marry her, and nobody came to woo, for the old man was well-set upon his legs and there was strength in his right arm. And so it came to pass that the girl grew into a woman and the woman became an old maid. But as she grew, she grew out of the Quaker fashion, and wore dainty dresses and feathers and frills, and went a shopping and played worldly music and visited the theatre.

The time came for the old man to hand in the bank-book for the last time. He was stricken down, and for many long, weary years he lay at home in the care of his wife and daughter. At length a male nurse was hired, and the daughter had more time to herself. It fell out that a lawyer of middle age came to live near by. His name for this occasion only is Fees. He was called in to do some business for the family, and was smitten with the daughter or

HER FATHER'S MONEY BAGS.

Mr. Fees came again. The neighbors began to talk. Miss Quick heeded not, neither did Mr. Fees. One morning Mr. Fees handed Miss Quick into a carriage and they went off to be married. After the wedding they started on a long honeymoon and were hidden from view for many weeks. When they returned they went to live at the old man's. Soon afterward he died. Then Fees left his wife, and for a year or two they played a game of criss-cross, Mr. Fees sometimes going to see Mrs. Fees and Mrs. Fees sometimes going to see Mr. Fees. Then they went to live together again. One morning at breakfast, Mr. Fees handed some papers to Mrs. Fees and said, "I'm going to get a divorce from you, and here are the papers."

Mrs. Fees was astonished, and said so with her mouth and eyes. Then she raised old Harry and made things fly, and Mr. Fees

GOT ALARMED AND CAVED IN.

He smiled in a sickly way and said he was only joking. Then Mrs. Fees forgave him and smiled too, and the couple arranged right off to go on a tour of the United States and Canada together. Mrs. Fees to pay the piper. Saratoga trunks were packed, money was drawn from the bank, and at last the pair cleared out with a great show. For many months they were away from home, and spent \$12,000 or \$15,000 of Mrs. Fees' money. Then they came back, and in a few days Mr. Fees made his wife a present. It consisted of a judgment of the supreme court, adjudging Mrs. Fees guilty of adultery with the male nurse who attended her father and a plumber who mended the water-pipes, and severing the bonds of wedlock between her and Mr. Fees, allowing him to marry again but prohibiting her from doing so, as long as Mr. Fees chose to live. The decree was dated prior to the trip around the world.

Mrs. Fees was a little astonished. Nevertheless she kept quiet and seemed glad to have got rid of Mr. Fees at any price. She thought at first it was only a joke; but when Mr. Fees married a young and blooming girl and took her home the divorced woman began to think it was real. Still she made no noise, but

BORE ALL IN SILENCE.

At length about three years ago she began proceedings to have the decree of divorce opened and for leave to come in and defend. The statements she made under oath were interesting. She denied, of course, all improprieties with any one, and alleged that as soon as her father died and she came into possession of a large fortune, her husband tried to get it from her. He used all means to do this, not sparing threats, but availing his fixed purpose to ruin her forever unless she gave him the control of her property. The divorce proceedings, Mrs. Fees says, were begun with the view of blackmailing her, and when she foolishly consented to spend a small fortune in tooting him around the states, he pretended they were all a joke.

For months he kept up this deception. On his return, when he found he could not get more money out of her, he put himself in his true light by serving upon his victim the decree of divorce, fraudulently obtained many months before. The motion to open the judgment was argued at length at the special term of the supreme court in Brooklyn. The judge denied the motion, holding that Mrs. Fees had been guilty of laches in allowing so long a time to elapse before applying to the court, and that the evils which would result from opening the decree would be even greater than those following the granting of it, as innocent parties in the persons of Mr. Fees' new wife and her children would be

DRAWN INTO THE MORAL VORTEX.

The sequel to this story is the very strongest part of it. Old Mrs. Quick began to fail, and a doctor, who

had just come to reside near by, was called in to attend her. The old lady, however, died, and the divorced Mrs. Fees thus became owner of a very large estate. Lawyer Fees grew mad. His divorced wife was rolling in wealth, with all that it could give her at her disposal, while he was plodding along, earning a poor livelihood, with a growing family to support. But for his foolhardiness he might have eaten from the same huge loaf and drank from the same capacious cup. He had sacrificed all, however, and there was no remedy. No remedy? He was a lawyer. There were infinite resources in that word. A short time passed away. Then the wife of the doctor, who had attended old Mrs. Quick and was still prescribing for the divorced Mrs. Fees, who appeared to be failing, began a suit for absolute divorce against her husband. She alleged in her complaint that the defendant had been guilty of gross improprieties with the divorced Mrs. Fees. The thing got wind and there was another frightful scandal all around. A very remarkable thing happened

WHEN THE CASE WAS ALMOST RIPE.

A young woman of seventeen suddenly appeared in the household of the divorced Mrs. Fees and was introduced as her daughter by her marriage with Mr. Fees. The explanation of this, as furnished by a lawyer, who knows the facts, is of a highly sensational nature. Mrs. Fees was in failing health. If she died her large property would go somewhere. If she had a child it would go to that child. If that child was Mr. Fees's child also, why of course Mr. Fees would be the father of an heir or heiress, and who could tell what might happen? The death of that child, for instance, without issue, would leave Mr. Fees sole heir. It was resolved that the divorced Mrs. Fees should have a child, and

THE GIRL SPOKE OF WAS PRODUCED.

But as it was necessary to account for her prolonged absence from the parental care, and her sudden appearance under the maternal roof, a very pretty romance was conjured up. Mr. Fees said that it was necessary for him to hasten his marriage with Miss Quick, and that during the honeymoon the child now produced was born. To prevent the scandal which would arise, he took the child away and sold it to an old shoemaker, who promised to bring it up as his own. Latterly Mr. Fees's conscience was aroused, and he resolved that justice should be done to the disowned and forsaken girl. He sought for and found the shoemaker, and secured the restoration of the child. The child is now with the wealthy divorced wife of Mr. Fees.

And the wife of the doctor already spoken of has discontinued her suit against her husband, in which the co-respondent is the divorced wife of Mr. Fees.

Planting a Chinaman.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Wee Ka Yung of Canal street died of consumption in the Chinese laundry in Belleville, N. J., on Monday morning, 30th ult. He went there for his health. He had no money and his countrymen bought a coffin in which Wee Ka Yung's remains were placed. After the coffin-lid was screwed down on Monday the Chinamen held a mysterious service over it. Then they worked in the laundry until five o'clock. At that hour they carried the coffin to the hall in the first story of their quarters. The Rev. J. S. Strong, pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church of Belleville, made a prayer, and the mourners stood near with heads uncovered. Two white men then carried the coffin to an old wagon, and the funeral procession started up the steep hill-side east of the laundry. Along the route the Chinamen strewed small square slips of rich paper, on which were queer-looking characters. These slips, it was said, represented the money which Wee Ka Yung's debts were canceled and his passage paid to the other world.

The Chinese burial ground is on the brow of a hill which overlooks Belleville and the Passaic River, and affords a picturesque view of the house and church-spires that rise above the forest on the Belleville side of the river. About sixty Chinamen, all of whom wore pig-tails, blouses, and straw hats, gathered about the open grave. Several ladies and gentlemen from Newark were present. After the coffin was lowered into the grave by white men and the grave filled with earth, the Chinamen began their heathen rites. A hole was dug at the foot of the grave, and in it an earthen jar was buried. "Charley" Ming, who had charge of the ceremonies, would not say what the jar contained. Tapers of imported incense were lighted and planted in a circle about the grave, and a quantity of small pink and white candles was also embedded in the loose earth.

While the candles and incense tapers were burning in honor of Joss, the mourners clasped their hands and bowed their heads to the ground. Then they stood erect and raised their clasped hands toward the sinking sun. This was repeated a dozen times. Then a bowl of tea, a bowl of rice, a plate of fried liver, boiled beef, potatoes, and a chicken were placed at the foot of the grave to serve the dead man in his long journey. A pair of chop sticks were added, after which the bowing and salaaming was resumed. All the paper wrappers that came with the candles were burned in a heap.

The ceremonies were finished by the burning of all of Wee Ka Yung's clothing and personal effects. Wee Ka Yung was thirty years of age.

Suicide of an Unfortunate.

On the 8th inst., Miss Annie Spayd, a seamstress attached to Torbert's Hotel, Lower Heidelberg Township, Berks county, Pa., was discovered violently vomiting. Physicians were sent for, but the young woman refused to say anything more than that she had taken a white powder. Emetics were administered, but without avail. At two p. m. she died in great agony. A post-mortem revealed the fact that she was about to become a mother. The coroner is making a thorough investigation, and it is probable that the son of a wealthy farmer in an adjoining town ship will be arrested.

A Sensational Rape Case.

SHELBYVILLE, Ind., June 30.—A strange story comes from the vicinity of Manilla, a small village ten miles east of this place. It is a tale involving people of prominence and first respectability in Union township of this county, and contains a spice of bastardy, rape, marital unhappiness and many other elements of a sensational character. The particulars gathered develop the following state of facts:

In the local papers here last week it was announced that Mr. Jacob Crim had been married to Miss Mary C. Gardner. The wedding was a quiet one, and the affair attracted no especial notice more than usually attaches to matters of the sort in the country. The marriage took place on Saturday, June 21st, and the husband was made happy on Wednesday last by the birth unto the late Miss Gardner of

A BOUNCING BOY BABY.

Such an event happening so much out of the ordinary run of things naturally created considerable astonishment and much comment. The young lady, who is only fifteen years of age, has always borne a good character, and no one outside of the family, or even members of the family, suspected her of any improper conduct. The supposition in the neighborhood was that her unnatural rotundity of form was due to the disease called dropsy, and even the most malevolent gossip had not assigned any scandalous reason for her appearance. Of course, the birth of the child caused inquiries to be made, and these elicited a strange and startling story.

As soon as Miss Gardner could talk she related the particulars of her ruin, which caused the utmost astonishment to her relatives, as they will to the public when generally known. She stated that about nine months ago one John Barnum, a young man of the neighborhood, about thirty years of age, came to her house during the absence of all the family except herself. According to her story, Barnum took advantage of her unprotected situation and

OUTRAGED HER PERSON.

To this she attributes her pregnancy, and declares most solemnly that the act was never repeated either with the author of her ruin or any other man. Such, in brief, is the narrative which fell upon the astounded ears of Miss Gardner's family, and they immediately took steps to have Barnum arrested and punished. Friends of the girl came to this city yesterday to lodge a complaint for rape against John Barnum, but owing to the fact that the alleged offense had been committed so long ago and kept quiet, it was thought rather too late now to commence a prosecution for the same with any prospect of making out a case. It was deemed best under the circumstances to limit the proceedings against Barnum to a suit for bastardy, and this was

accordingly done. An affidavit was sworn out before Squire Moberly, and Barnum was arrested at one o'clock this morning. As his supposed victim was too sick to be moved he was taken to the house to be confronted by her. On her statement that he was undoubtedly the father of her child, Barnum was bound over to court.

TO ANSWER THE CHARGE.

So the matter rests at present. A word or two as to the parties in this curious narrative may not be amiss. Mr. Jacob Crim is a well-to-do farmer, about forty years old, quite prominent and influential in the local politics of his township, and well known throughout the county. Mrs. Mary C. Crim, his re-

cently married wife, is the daughter of Elias Gardner, a prominent and wealthy farmer, and old citizen of Union township. She is only fifteen years old, is small in stature, possessed of a sprightly disposition and a fair share of beauty. It is said Mr. Crim knew of the girl's real condition before he married her, but stated that it made no difference with him, as he loved her to distraction and was determined to make her his wife.

John Barnum, the alleged cause of all this trouble and social scandal, is about thirty years of age, and quite good looking. He is regarded as decidedly fast and something of a "masher" among the female sex, and his reputation in other respects is not of a flat-

tering character. He also belongs to a good family, his father being a wealthy farmer, and his brother a prominent physician of Manilla. The relatives and friends of the unfortunate lady seem very indignant against Barnum, and express a determination to prosecute him.

TO THE BITTER END.

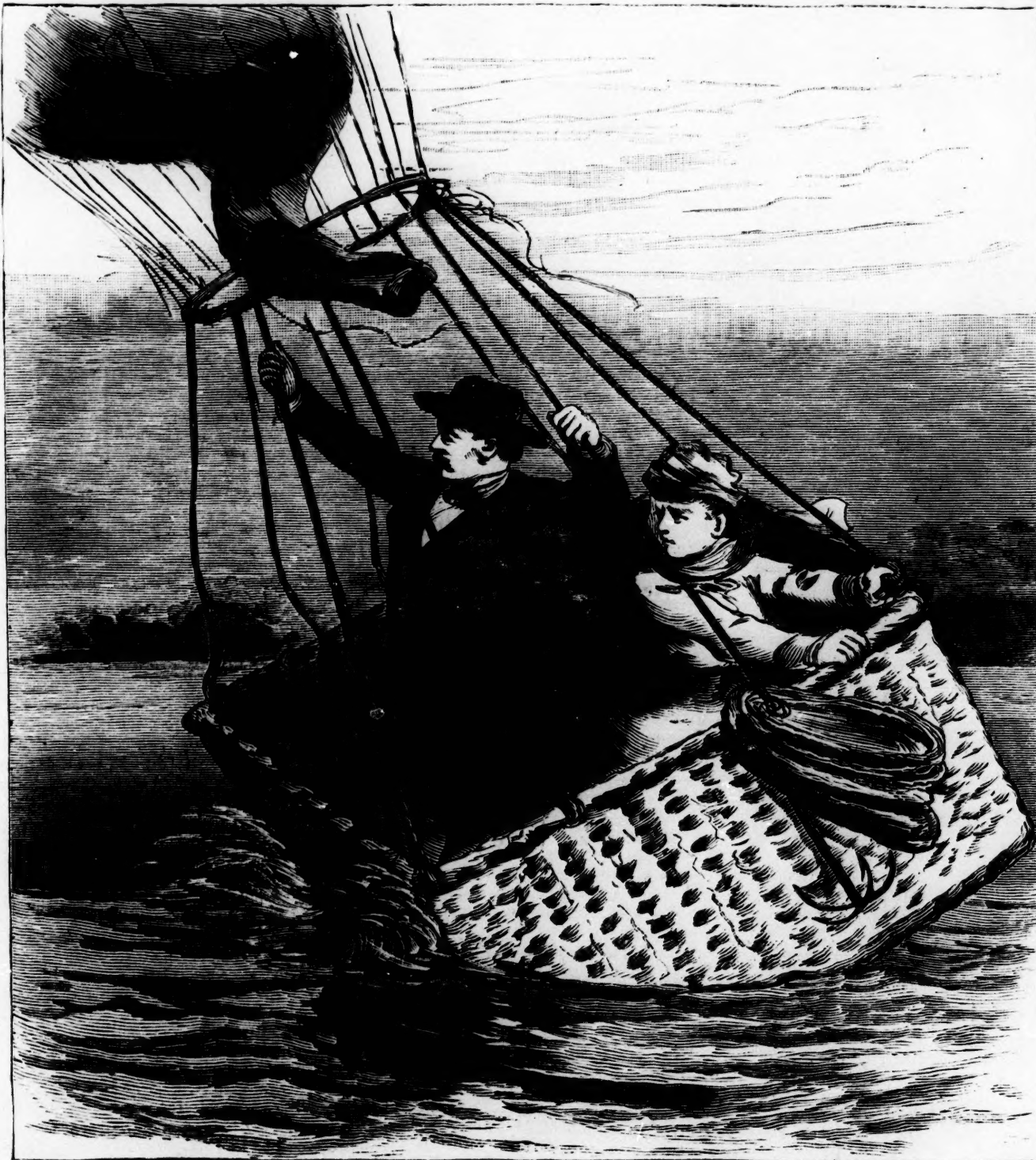
They accuse him of boasting of his triumph over his victim and of saying he had frequently had illicit intercourse with her, and this alleged talk has produced very angry feelings among Mrs. Crim's friends. As yet the affair is only known to a few, but when generally learned will undoubtedly produce lively interest, as all the parties are well known and extensively connected.

Frightful Domestic Tragedy.

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y., July 3.—This village was the scene of a shocking tragedy last night. Jacob Neu, a German, aged about 60 years, cultivated a small place a little out of the corporation, where he raised nursery stock and garden produce, the place being owned by his wife. He was given to drink and sometimes very quarrelsome. For some time he has tried to persuade his wife to deed the property to him, but she refused. About 10 o'clock last night Neu came home and quarreled with his wife, it is supposed about the property. He became furiously angry, ran into the wood-house, seized the ax, and returning dealt Mrs. Neu a blow which cleaved her skull and she fell lifeless. The murderer went to his bed-room, took his razor and with mortal precision at one cut severed the jugular vein, carotid artery and wind-pipe, dying instantly. Neighbors who heard the woman screaming before Neu struck her the murderous blow, hurried to the house, and found husband and wife both lying dead in their own blood.

Intelligence has reached Paterson, N. J., that Dr. Spenser, a dentist, who was shot and instantly killed at Sedalia, Mo., by the husband of a lady whom he insulted, was the same dentist who flourished in that city twenty years ago. He used to administer anaesthetics to ladies having teeth extracted, and while under the influence of the drug, if attractive, would kiss them fervently. He was compelled to leave town by reason of this propensity, and was driven out of other places for exhibiting this weakness, which has cost him his life, for that was the insult he gave.

The Chief of the Fire Department of Williamsport, Pa., spying a Union flag that had been inadvertently hung upside down, rang the alarm bells to call out the firemen, surrounded the house, and demanded an apology for what he considered disloyalty. He was not so patriotic, however, as he was drunk.



PERILOUS BALLOON ADVENTURE OF PROF. S. W. COLGROVE AND MISS EMMA ALLISON, ON A FOURTH OF JULY ASCENSION, IN SAN FRANCISCO.—THE BALLOON FALLS INTO THE BAY AND THE VOYAGERS ARE DRAGGED TWO MILES, THROUGH THE WATER.—SEE PAGE 5.



SUCCESSFUL INDIAN-HORSE-THIEF HUNT—HENSLEY AND HIS COW-BOYS ATTACK AND DEFEAT A BAND OF RED-SKINNED MARAUDERS WHO HAD CLEANED OUT HIS COW-CAMP; NEAR BIG SPRINGS, TEX.—SEE PAGE 11.

A DESERTED WIFE'S DESPAIR.

Pathetic Story of a Woman's Life and Tragic Death.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mrs. Josephine A. Colton was found dead in her room at 216 Crystie street, on the evening of the 7th. She had taken a pillow from the bed, placed it on the floor, and then laid down upon it, and shot herself with a small revolver twice in the breast near the heart and once in the forehead. The body lay at full length, with the head resting easily on the pillow.

It was not the first attempt she had made on her life, as she tried to kill herself several months ago, while living at 286 West Houston street. Six months ago she went to live in Chrystie street. Her husband did not accompany her, and it is not known that he ever made his home in the house, although he used to call on her two or three times a week. It is supposed he gave her some money from time to time to pay her expenses, but she was not altogether dependent on his bounty, as she earned considerable by dress-making. Mrs. Colton made a confidant of Mrs. Celia Stern, a lady residing on the same floor. She told Mrs. Stern that her husband had left her for a woman in Brooklyn with whom he had become infatuated, and that she was utterly weary of

HER LONELY, FRIENDLESS LIFE.

Her love for her husband and his abandonment of her were the burden of her daily conversations.

On the 7th she went to the Brooklyn woman's house taking with her the photograph of her husband and her marriage certificate. The guilty couple were found together, and she besought her husband to return to his home. He not heeding her, she became hysterical and, nearly crazed, ran from one room to another, breaking the window panes. She was arrested on the complaint of her husband, but was discharged, and returned to this city.

Before she left her residence on this errand she called Mrs. Stern into her rooms and gave her a diary, with the request that she should have it printed in some paper other than the *Herald*, as her husband would have its publication stopped in that journal.

On her return from Brooklyn she was very much excited and told Mrs. Stern she would rest on the bed for a few minutes and

ENDEAVOR TO CALM HERSELF.

A few minutes afterward Mrs. Stern, who had gone to her own apartments, heard three pistol-shots in rapid succession, and divining whence they came, ran to Mrs. Colton's rooms. The doors were locked, and a policeman was summoned to break them open. Mrs. Colton was found lying dead in the middle of the parlor floor, with eyes and mouth open. She had evidently prepared herself for the terrible sacrifice, as she had changed her street dress for a wrapper of spotless white, and had placed a pillow where her head would fall upon it in death. In her right hand, which lay across her breast, was a seven-chambered revolver with three empty chambers. No cry had been heard, and the woman was lying in a perfectly natural position. The following letter, written in a tremulous hand, blotted with tears, was

FOUND ON THE FLOOR AT HER SIDE:

"NEW YORK, June 7.

"Good bye, my husband. May God forgive you for your treatment of your poor wife. I have not courage to meet the cold world alone. You can never know how lonesome I have been and how I have loved you. Good bye, and may God forgive me. He has tried me too hard. I cannot bear it. Not one ray of sunshine has crossed my path since you lived with her.

"YOUR WIFE."

The diaries left with Mrs. Stern are the daily jottings of a woman who has had a great deal more than her share of domestic misfortune. They breathe the most intense affection for the man who discarded her, and betray no malice toward the woman who lured him away. She complained of her utter loneliness, of her difficulty in getting work and of the trouble she has had in getting some place to live. Under date of September 28 she mentions for the first time her discovery that her husband had deserted her and was living with another at 7 Eldridge street. She called there, it seems, and met the woman, who claimed to be Mrs. W. R. Colton. "I am going mad," she writes. Then Mrs. Colton told her she had been married to Colton nineteen years ago, whereupon she claimed to have been his wife for twenty-five years, but this is not true, as she afterward confesses, her marriage having taken place in Buffalo in June, 1870. Mrs. Colton was about forty years of age, a brunette, and small and slight of figure.



FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS—Mlle SARA BERNHARDT, THE DISTINGUISHED ARTISTE OF THE THEATRE FRANCAISE, PARIS, AS "DONA SOL," IN "HERNANI."—SEE PAGE 2.

this city. When last seen the balloon was taking an easterly course. A dispatch was received from Lathrop, about forty miles east of this city across the bay, that a large balloon in a collapsed and wrecked condition was caught in the telegraph wires near that village about five o'clock in the afternoon. The basket and ropes were wet as though they had been dragged through water. There were blood marks on one of the ropes, and a kid glove and velvet bow were found in the basket.

About midnight, however, Professor Colgrove returned to the city and reported that the balloon came down in the bay on account of a rent in the bag, was dragged through the water about two miles in the same number of minutes, struck the piles of an old wharf on the opposite side of the bay, threw out both occupants, who were somewhat cut and bruised, but not seriously injured, and, freed from its burden, rose again and sailed off to the eastward, coming down as reported. Colgrove and Miss Allison were caught in

a marsh, through which they waded, and, gaining firm ground, made their way to Alameda and thence to this city.

AN AUDACIOUS THIEF'S EXPLOIT.

A Lady Garrotted, Chloroformed and Robbed, in Daylight, on a Prominent Thoroughfare of a Fashionable Suburban Town.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The town of Montclair, N. J., which has obtained such unenviable notoriety of late through the Blair-Armstrong homicide, was startled on the evening of the 7th by a rumor that a daring highway robbery had been committed on one of the central streets in broad daylight, and that the perpetrator of the outrage had succeeded in making good his escape. The rumor was at first received with incredulity, but it was soon confirmed by the testimony of the victim of the outrage, Mrs. Fuller, a New York lady, temporarily residing at the Hillside House, a fashionable summer resort. About half-past six o'clock in the evening Mrs. Fuller was returning from a visit to Dr. Butler, who resides in Fulton avenue, and passing near the Presbyterian Church on Church street, observed a tall, respectably dressed man approaching from the opposite direction. Something in his manner attracted the lady's attention, but

WITHOUT EXCITING ALARM.

As the man walked toward her he turned to look behind him several times, passing from one side of the pathway to the other. Notwithstanding this somewhat peculiar conduct, there was nothing in the man's appearance to suggest that he was a foot-pad, and Mrs. Fuller kept on her way until she met the man whose peculiar conduct had attracted her attention. As she attempted to pass the fellow he suddenly seized her round the neck and thrust something, which Mrs. Fuller thinks was a pocket handkerchief saturated with chloroform, into her mouth, at the same time snatching her purse, which contained \$36. Having taken therefrom \$25 50, he handed back the purse with fifty cents, and observing that Mrs. Fuller wore heavy gold bracelets, said, "I want those bracelets."

The lady pluckily replied, "I will not give them," when the ruffian seized her by the wrists and attempted to

WRENCH THE ORNAMENTS FROM HER ARMS.

They were fortunately of very solid construction and resisted the robber's efforts to remove them. Mrs. Fuller, roused to anger by the brutal conduct of her assailant, struck him with her parasol.

Fortunately, at this critical period, some women in one of the neighboring houses caught sight of what was transpiring in the street and screamed lustily, "Jim! Jim!" This call for aid frightened the highwayman, and rudely pushing his victim from him, with such force that she fell to the ground, he jumped over a low stone wall and disappeared down a ravine which leads to a stretch of woods. That was the last seen of him. Mrs. Fuller, as soon as she found herself released from the presence of her assailant, hastened to her apartments in the Hillside House, where she told the story of her adventure. Information was immediately given to the authorities, and Justice Pillsbury despatched the town constable, as soon as that official could be discovered, in search of the daring robber.

She said she would be able to recognize her assailant should he be recaptured, as she had ample opportunity to observe him. She described him as a tall, stoutly built man, with dark brown side-whiskers and mustache. He wore a fashionable black felt hat.

A Gushing Historian in Trouble.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 7.—Willard Glazier, author of a gushing historical book entitled "Heroes of Three Wars," which sold to the number of 700 in this city, was arrested in East St. Louis on Saturday, charged with abducting Miss Mary E. Herrick from Boston. He was brought here this morning and lodged in jail. He has a wife and children at Rock Island. He induced Miss Herrick, a mere girl of fifteen, to leave her mother in Boston and come to this city, where they have been living as man and wife.

A Murdered Man's Body Found.

FAIRMINGTON, Me., July 7.—The body of Lewis M. Libby of Templey who had been missing since June 28, was found to-day in the woods, one-third of a mile from his house, sunk three feet in a mud-hole. There can be but little doubt that he was murdered.



FRANK DAVIDSON, EXECUTED AT WARRENSBURGH, MO., JULY 9, FOR THE MURDER OF WM. HAGGERTY.

A Perilous Balloon Adventure.

[Subject of Illustration.]

SAN FRANCISCO, July 5.—About half past three o'clock yesterday afternoon, Professor S. W. Colgrove, accompanied by Miss Emma Allison, of New York, made a balloon ascension from Woodward Gardens in



G. H. OLDIS, CHIEF OF POLICE, PASSAIC, N. J.—JAMES KANE, THE MURDEROUS ASSAILANT OF HIS WIFE, PASSAIC, N. J.; CAPTURED BY CHIEF OLDIS.



PHILIP SALTER, CHARGED WITH HAVING COMMITTED AN OUTRAGE UPON MISS EMMA LUDLOW; CLARKTOWN, N. Y.

The son of a German farmer lately took from his father's pocket a bank note, the result of the sale of a cow, and tore it. The father, enraged, seized an ax and chopped off the boy's head. Then, horror-stricken, he rushed to tell his wife what he had done. She was at the moment giving her baby a bath, and fainted with horror. The baby was drowned.

RARER THAN ROMANCE.

Remarkable Story of a Once Wealthy Brooklyn Manufacturer Whose Striking Nobility of Character Rendered Him

UNIVERSALLY BELOVED.

He Disappears From Home, for a Year is Mourned as Dead, and Finally Turns up in North Carolina.

MARRIED ON HIS DEATH-BED.

From Hendersonville, N. C., a story has traveled westward and found its way into the papers about the doings of Mr. William R. Wheatley, formerly a wealthy resident of Brooklyn, whence he disappeared in August last, a man distinguished alike for his generosity and geniality. About a month ago his remains were brought home and numbers of his friends attended the interment in Greenwood Cemetery, but it would seem that the last chapter of his career was to many of them sealed. Among those who knew him in life and who had on several occasions learned to appreciate his good qualities of mind and heart there were many to whom the tale which came from Hendersonville seemed enigmatical, but under the explanation it receives at the hands of some of his friends it loses much of its sensationalism.

Mr. Wheatley was for many years a rich sugar refiner in Brooklyn, living in a fine house in Remsen street, on the Heights. He was a millionaire at forty, although at seventeen he was a poor western lad. A prominent member of St. Peter's Episcopal Church in State street, Brooklyn, he gave liberally to the church of his means, and contributed chiefly to the cost of building the chapel and rectory, in which Dr. Paddock, brother of Bishop Paddock, now resides. In 1873 Mr. Wheatley's firm was

FORCED INTO BANKRUPTCY.

After that he tried to regain his lost fortune by speculations in Philadelphia, where he engaged in the business of manufacturing water-proof cloth, and in this city, where he started a shirt manufactory, but in both he failed. He preserved his integrity so thoroughly while his misfortunes crowded in upon him, that although he was trusted for large sums, the trust funds in his hands were not disturbed. Mr. Wheatley was regarded as being in many ways a superior man, and possessed of a striking nobility of character. He was one of the most popular manufacturers in Brooklyn, for when any one of his men was sick, even with a contagious disease, he would visit the sick man daily, carrying him medicine and delicacies; and that the workman might not lose any of his wages, Mr. Wheatley would put on an old suit and go into the factory and take the sick man's place. Although he contributed over \$20,000 to St. Peter's Church and rented a pew in the church, he disliked to walk up the aisle during service to his seat, from fear that he would be pointed out as a proud and rich man, and he was usually to be seen back at the door in the sexton's seat.

On Tuesday night, August 27, 1878, Mr. Wheatley was found dying at Charles and Morton streets, this city, on the sidewalk.

CRYING FOR HELP.

His clothing was disarranged and his collar crushed. He told an officer that he was walking along Sixth avenue at dark, and three men assaulted him, threw him down and robbed him of \$20,000 in bonds and money. In the police station \$15,000 in money, a gold watch and chain and a set of diamond studs were found on him, and the police discredited the story. He, however, insisted that he had been robbed, and his family now believe that he was. He became ill in the Charles street police station, and he was sent to St. Vincent's Hospital, whence he was taken the next day in an ambulance to his home at 172 Remsen street, Brooklyn.

The next day he walked out of the house without saying good-bye to any of his family, and the next that was heard from him was a telegram from Washington to his wife, saying that he would not return that night. Weeks passed by and he did not return. The telegraph operator in Washington said that when he asked Mr. Wheatley for his address, the latter said he had none. Private detectives conducted a patient search for him in vain, and at length

HE WAS THOUGHT TO BE DEAD.

Mr. Silas M. Giddings, who had been Mr. Wheatley's most intimate friend, was appointed guardian of his only son, James V. Wheatley, a boy of seventeen, who had inherited a fortune from his grandmother, Mildred L. Wheatley. It was discovered that Mr. Wheatley had used up all this money; but, under the power of attorney which he held, he had a right to use it as his own. There was no discrepancy complained of in the other trust funds.

The house in Remsen street was sold to prevent foreclosure, its equity being almost nothing, and the wife and son from a condition of great prosperity were reduced almost to want. The son went to live with an uncle, on a cattle ranch in Texas, and the wife went to live with some friends.

In the latter part of March last Mr. Giddings learned that a man answering Mr. Wheatley's description was living in the village of Hendersonville, in the mountains of North Carolina, eight miles from any railroad, and that he passed under the name of G. H. Carter, of New York. Hurrying thither Mr. Giddings found his friend on his death-bed, and by his side was a refined woman of thirty-five years, who

SAID THAT SHE WAS MR. CARTER'S WIFE.

A discreet inquiry informed Mr. Giddings that Mr. Wheatley had wandered into the town a few weeks after his disappearance from his home. He was weary and seemed sick, and as he appeared to be a gentleman, the hospitable Southerners received him kindly, although they could not solve the mystery of

his appearance or his mission among them. He acted strangely, and was often seen in the woods seated on a fallen log, with his face buried in his hands. Miss Josephine Bond, a maiden lady, who lived over the mountains, hearing that a Northern man was sick in a boarding-house in the town, carried him delicacies and took an interest in him. Mr. Wheatley was extremely ill with asthma and Bright's disease, and was plainly on his death-bed. Miss Bond tried in vain to learn his history. His friendless condition appealed strongly to her sympathies, and several nights when the snow was deep on the mountains she remained all night in the house. This

SET THE VILLAGE GOSSIPS TALKING.

Seeing that her character was being assailed, Miss Bond told Mr. Wheatley that if he consented she would marry him and take him to her own home to nurse. He was propped up by pillows, and she stood by his side and held his hand while the ceremony was performed. Then she took him to her home, where Mr. Giddings found him. Mr. Giddings concluded not to reveal that Mr. Wheatley was passing under an assumed name, and was already married, as he knew his friend was on his death-bed. Mr. Giddings returned home, and soon received word of Mr. Wheatley's death. Then he learned that Miss Bond had discovered the deception from a newspaper found among Mr. Wheatley's papers, which gave an account of the assault upon him. Miss Bond had tenderly nursed him up to his death, and had

BURIED HIM IN THE VILLAGE CHURCHYARD.

She learned with grief the true story of Mr. Wheatley's life, as she had become affectionately attached to him. Mr. Giddings told her that for four months before his disappearance Mr. Wheatley had been pronounced deranged, and that all of his acts since had evidently been the acts of an insane man.

When the widow in Brooklyn learned by degrees of her husband's second marriage, she said: "Poor man, he was not responsible!"

The body was returned to Brooklyn and deposited in a Greenwood vault, whence, in the latter part of April, it was buried in the family plot. Mr. Wheatley left an estate worth only one hundred dollars, on which Mrs. Elizabeth Wheatley took out letters of administration. The widow feels kindly toward Miss Bond, and both she and Mr. Giddings think that Miss Bond was self-sacrificing in her attentions to Mr. Wheatley, and in marrying him. They had agreed with her to bury the secret of the second marriage with the body.

A Drunkard's Wanton Deed of Blood.

PEEKSKILL, July 4.—Jeremiah Murphy, of Croton Landing, aged 21 years, a boatman, belonging to the schooner Eventin Ross, and several friends were at the steamboat dock in Verplanck's Point on Thursday evening, waiting for the steamer. James Nolan, a resident of Verplanck's, asked the party into Conklin's hotel to drink. After drinking, Nolan said he would not pay for the cigar Murphy took, but he finally paid, and the party went to the stoop, where Nolan insulted Murphy. Murphy replied: "That will do." Without a word of warning, Murphy drew a pistol from behind him, and placing it close to Murphy's head, fired. The ball, of 22 caliber, entered the right eye, passing through the upper lid, and imbedded itself in the brain. The proprietor of the hotel ran out to Nolan, and said: "What did you shoot that man for? You have killed him!" Nolan replied: "If I have, send for a constable," and then, turning on his heel, he walked deliberately away, the pistol still smoking in his hand. Murphy, the wounded man, sank to the ground, and became unconscious. The doctor probed the wound to the depth of five inches, but was unable to find the ball.

This morning Drs. Lyon, Mason, and Kellogg held a consultation, and after again probing for the ball, decided that the wound was necessarily fatal, and that the man could live but a few hours.

James Nolan, the would-be murderer, has not since been seen. He is about five feet eleven inches tall, of sandy complexion, sandy mustache and chin whiskers. He weighs 152 pounds, and walks with a stooping gait. He wore when he disappeared black and white narrow striped trousers, new black broad-cloth coat, and black soft felt hat. He is about forty-five years of age, and has a wife and two children. He is believed to be in New York city, where his brother lives.

Miraculous Result of a Fall.

Henry Shin, nine years old, is in St. Vincent's Hospital suffering from injuries sustained on Monday, 7th inst., by falling a distance of eighty feet to the street from the roof of a five-story tenement house in Elizabeth street, near Grand. A more wonderful escape from death has seldom been chronicled. The lad lives at 103 Elizabeth street, one of a row of tenements, and was flying a kite when he fell. Not satisfied with his position on the roof, he clambered to the top of a chimney on the north wall of the row which overlooks a two-story building adjoining. This building has a slanting roof, covered with slates, and is about thirty-five feet in height. On the ground floor there is an entrance for trucks to pass in to the rear. When Henry lost his balance and fell from the chimney top there was a team of horses standing just outside this entrance facing the street, and attached to a truck within. With a heavy thud the boy's body struck the slate roof forty-five feet below, smashing several of the slates, and making a perceptible indentation. From the spot where he struck he rolled to the edge of the roof and down toward the pavement, another headlong journey of thirty-five feet. Instead of dashing his brains out against the stone pavement, as might have been expected, the boy struck between the heads of the team of horses, fell upon the truck pole, and after vibrating upon it a few seconds dropped softly to the ground. He was sensible when picked up, and did not seem frightened at his fearful experience. His forehead and the back of his head were cut and his body severely bruised. None of his bones were broken, however, and it is thought he has escaped any serious internal injury.

NEARLY A TRAGEDY.

The Big Sunday Night Sensation Afforded Paterson by the Murderous Attack Made Upon One of Her Prominent Citizens by the Husband of His Housekeeper.

At a late hour on Sunday night, 6th inst., cries of "Murder! Murder!" proceeded from the grounds about the late residence of George L. Catlin, in Twenty-third street, near Broadway, Paterson, N. J., and soon the whole neighborhood was aroused. Guided by the outcry, male and female voices commingling, several persons arrived, and discovered the present occupant of the Catlin house, Mr. James Jackson, cashier of the Second National Bank of Paterson, struggling on the ground with a rough-looking man, who held Mr. Jackson's thumb firmly between two rows of well-preserved teeth. The man was covered with blood, and both combatants presented the appearance of having been engaged in a deadly and protracted struggle. With much difficulty Mr. Jackson's antagonist was subdued, and in care of a strong guard of citizens escorted to the station-house, where he was

LOCKED UP FOR THE NIGHT.

What had occurred was simply this:—Mr. Jackson, who is a middle-aged, unmarried gentleman, belonging to one of the oldest and most highly respectable families in Paterson, and who is at present residing in Mr. Catlin's house during the latter's sojourn as United States Consul at La Rochelle, France, had just returned from "down town," and was sitting in the library with Mrs. Boyce, his housekeeper, and the only other occupant of the house besides himself, when the lady thought she heard a footstep outside, and a moment later uttered a little shriek as a human face, scowling darkly, was pressed against the window pane. "My husband!" she gasped, as Mr. Jackson, seizing the cane with which he had been walking, rushed forth to the front piazza. The lady, in a tremor of fright, followed. A shadow was seen gliding among the thick shrubbery at the side of the house, and Mr. Jackson descended the steps and pursued. Arrived near the spot where the figure had been seen, Mr. Jackson found himself suddenly confronted by a man of low stature, but haggard and wild in appearance, so far as could be seen in the uncertain light of a moon partially obscured by clouds and still further by the dense growth of trees and shrubs. This man immediately rushed forward to assault Mr. Jackson, when the latter fled him to the ground with

ONE BLOW OF THE HEAVY CANE.

Whether in the excitement the man received any more than one blow is uncertain, but it was afterward found that there were ugly wounds on the man's head, several of his teeth were knocked out, and he was injured otherwise very severely.

With the last blow, the ground being terraced and uneven, Mr. Jackson slipped and fell over the other, and both rolled over a grassy bank together, Mr. Jackson stopping underneath. The other fought desperately, and as it seemed to be resolved into a life or death struggle, Mr. Jackson put forth all his strength and turned his antagonist, who still struggled fiercely. Then Mr. Jackson sought, in the obscurity in which they were, to find his antagonist's head that he might settle him. In passing his left hand about with this object in view, it encountered the man's open mouth, the thumb entered, and a set of excellent teeth shut down thereon, severing the flesh to the bone. It was at this point, when the excruciating pain had compelled Mr. Jackson to relinquish his hold, that the assistance came—and not a moment too soon to prevent a really tragic ending for the man whom Mr. Jackson had been struggling with in the darkness, under the fir trees, was a demon at that moment and would

NOT HAVE HESITATED TO TAKE LIFE.

It proved to be the husband of Mr. Jackson's housekeeper. He had pulled off his boots at the entrance to the grounds, and his pockets and shirt front were filled with sharp pieces of clap rock.

The man had been about the neighborhood before during the day, and had visited the house several times in the absence of Mr. Jackson, against whom he uttered threats of vengeance. At one time during the day, the wife, Mrs. Boyce, admitted him to the house, thinking to pacify him and stop the disgraceful clamor, but when once in the house he conducted himself in a manner so violent and threatening that she was driven to use strategy to get him out of the house, when she quickly shot the bolts in their sockets to make permanent the barrier between them. She was afraid of her husband, he acted so strangely. When he found himself locked out, the fury of Boyce knew no bounds. He threatened to demolish everything about the premises. Mrs. Boyce became alarmed even when the doors were all fastened, and watching an opportunity escaped from a back or side door and took refuge with the family of Mr. Cowper on the corner of Twenty-third street and Broadway, closely pursued by her husband. A relative of the Cowpers, an elderly gentleman, sitting outside, intercepted the madman, and

A TERRIBLE STRUGGLE ENSUED.

Then the neighbors interfered, and Boyce was escorted out of the neighborhood and advised to go away and keep away. He promised, but came back three several times. Word was sent in from this suburb to the police station; but when, toward night, the officers came, Boyce was not to be found. He was not seen again until night.

Boyce was committed to the Passaic county jail the following day. He is a tough, wiry fellow, about forty-five, and married a wife some years ago much younger than himself, so that, as he himself described her, "She is still fair and fresh looking." He has worked in the Greppo dye-works and in other like establishments, and was always considered a trusty hand, and was kept much about the offices. The wife was a servant in the old Jackson family, and is a person of the utmost good taste and excellent ability. The two got on well together, and finally by their joint efforts secured a home, a nice little property on Peach street, and it was this home that was left, much

against Boyce's will, as he said, to permit Mrs. Boyce to assume the duties of housekeeper when Mr. Catlin left his handsome residence to the occupancy of Mr. Jackson. All lived together at the new place, however, and everything went smoothly enough until May last.

WHEN THERE WAS AN OUTBREAK.

Boyce said his suspicions were first aroused when his wife advised him strongly to accept a position as nightworker, to look after the engines at the dye-works. Boyce became violent, and after insisting that his wife should return to her home, which she refused to do, committed an assault, for which he was arrested. From that time he has been at large, under security to keep the peace, and has been banished the house. Sunday's violence resulted from another ineffectual effort on his part to induce her to live with him at their own home.

This is his version. As for Mr. Jackson, the wife, and many others, they regard the man as half crazy, and a dangerous person to be at large. Last May, when he was under arrest, he was examined under the direction of the County Lunacy Committee, and was not deemed insane enough to be restricted of his liberty.

IT LOOKED BAD.

A Jealous Husband Furiously Pummels a Friend Whom He Finds Locked in a Darkened Room with His Wife, in Spite of Their Declarations that it was Only a Business interview.

[Subject of Illustration.]

LEBANON, O., June 30.—It has been many years since the social circles of Lebanon have been so torn up as they are at present. The cause of the agitation is a scandal in high life, the principals in the affair being among the first people in the county. Nathan Woods, a member of the city council has been separated from his wife for several months. He has been living at his place of business, a liquor store and saloon on Mulberry street, and his wife has been boarding with the family of Thomas Stowe, a few doors further down the street.

Mrs. Woods is a blonde lady of about thirty, large and finely formed. Recently it came to Woods's ears that John W. Lingo, a prominent business man of the town, the proprietor of the largest hardware and agricultural house in the county, was too intimate with Mrs. Woods; that he visited the lady at her rooms at unseasonable hours of the night, &c. To satisfy himself of the truth or falsity of these rumors, Woods put spies on Lingo, and last Saturday evening, about eight o'clock, he was seen to enter the house where she was staying and

GO UP-STAIRS TO HER ROOM.

Woods was at once notified, and, going to her room in the Stowe house, found his wife's room locked. He knocked, but getting no response, kicked down the door. When he got in the room, as he stated, the light was turned down and no one was to be seen but his wife. Presently he found Lingo concealed behind a door. "I've caught you at last," said Woods, and then he knocked Lingo down and beat him in a terrible manner about the head and face. An immense crowd of people were almost instantly at the house, and the excitement ran high. Ed Woods, a brother of Nathan, arrived with the crowd, and he too knocked Lingo down and struck him over the head with the back of a chair. Lingo was taken down-stairs, washed and fixed himself up and went home.

Mr. Woods talked freely regarding the affair, and said he was satisfied in his own mind of

THE INFIDELITY OF HIS WIFE WITH LINGO.

Although he did not have ocular proof of it, he said Lingo had been seen to enter his wife's boarding-house on other occasions, once after ten o'clock, and they had frequently been seen to flirt on the street. He says he was married to his wife eleven years ago, and has always lived unhappily with her, on account of her jealous disposition, but he never suspected her of being unfaithful to him until the present developments. Her parents live at Franklin, this county, and are highly respected people. Previous to her marriage with Woods she was married to William Stoutenborough, a man of considerable wealth, and lived with him in Illinois. Woods says that she has a mania for poisoning herself, and attempted it on four different occasions while they were living together. He says one time he took enough arsenic from her

TO HAVE KILLED FIVE HUNDRED MEN.

Mrs. Woods was called on at her apartments for her statement. She said Mr. Lingo was at her rooms at her request. When she separated from her husband he agreed to pay her \$20 monthly. He paid her one month and then stopped. She knew Mr. Lingo and her husband were on intimate business relations, and she wanted Mr. L. to intercede for her and induce her husband to pay the money due. Mr. Lingo called on this business. He had not been in the room five minutes when she heard her husband coming up the stairs. She supposed he was drunk, and locked the door. He broke the door in, and without waiting for any explanations knocked Mr. Lingo down, as already stated, and then struck her. It was, she said, the first time Mr. Lingo had ever been in her house.

Mr. Lingo's story tallies with Mrs. Woods's. He says that he had called, at her request, on business between her and Mr. Woods. He had not been in the room five minutes when Woods came. Mrs. Woods said she knew her husband was drunk, and Mr. Lingo then told her to lock the door, as he did not want

TO MEET HIM IN THAT CONDITION.

He says that he was never in the lady's room before, and would not have been there then, but that she insisted on seeing him in regard to obtaining the money from her husband. He denies a statement made by Woods that he was to see the lady on Monday and Friday nights, and can bring witnesses to prove his whereabouts on these evenings. Mr. Lingo is not injured as badly as reported. Both eyes are black, and one pretty badly damaged, where he was kicked by Ed Woods. This is about the extent of his injuries. The case is exciting much interest, and promises other developments of a highly sensational nature.

SPATTENHUBER'S SPRING.

The Friendless German Tramp Pays the
Mosaic Price of a Life with His Own,
His Crime Being

THE MURDER OF A RIVAL,

Who Attempted to Supplant Him in the
Affections of a Woman of Easy Virtue,
With Whom He was Infatuated.

HE MEETS DEATH GAMESLY.

[With Illustration and Portrait.]

LEBANON, Pa., July 3.—Nimrod Spattenhuber was executed to-day for the murder of John Ivison on December 10, 1878. The streets about the jail were filled with people at an early hour. The scaffold, which is owned by Dauphin county, was erected along the south side wall of the prison and was of lead color, supported by four substantial pillars of wood, with a step in front. The trap was fixed so as to be sprung along the step, and was easy of movement. The prisoner went to bed at an early hour last evening and slept soundly until daylight. He has been in the best of health since his short confinement in prison, and has readily and willingly conversed about the murder. He claimed to the last that

HE HAD NO INTENTION OF KILLING IVISON.

The prisoner was to have been executed a month ago, but at the last moment a reprieve was received from Governor Hoyt in order that Spattenhuber's case might be brought before the Board of Pardons. At that time he expressed a willingness and even a wish to die, but when the reprieve came he was filled with hope and believed thoroughly that he would escape the gallows. When the board refused to commute his sentence Spattenhuber saw that the last hope was gone, and he again gave himself up to preparing for death.

The doomed man has devoted a great deal of time to religion since his imprisonment. At seven o'clock this morning Father Kuhlman, his religious adviser, entered the cell and prayed with the prisoner. At half past ten the sheriff opened the door and announced to the prisoner that all was ready. Spattenhuber jumped to his feet, and asking for a glass of water seized it eagerly and drank the last drop. He then dressed himself in a full black suit and made

READY TO PROCEED TO THE GALLOWS.

The priest wore a cassock, surplice and stole. The procession moved from the southwest corner, upper story cell, as follows: Sheriff Deininger and Deputy Sheriff Bowman, Father Kuhlman and prisoner, Dr. Lineaweaver and Dr. Light, Deputy Sheriffs Leininger and Matthews. While the procession was moving from the cell through the corridor to the scaffold, Father Kuhlman read the prayers for the dying, while the prisoner, with the crucifix in his hands, made the responses. Spattenhuber trembled slightly and his eyes at times were moist, but he walked without help to the gallows. The priest first ascended the scaffold, followed by the prisoner, and as they both faced the audience of several hundred persons they both knelt. The priest read while the prisoner repeated. The prisoner as he appeared on the scaffold was dressed in black clothing, a flat collar and black neck-tie. His hair was light and he wore a mustache and goatee. He was

CALM AND COLLECTED THROUGHOUT.

The services on the gallows were short, lasting about ten minutes. At their conclusion the priest retired and took his stand on the west of the scaffold. Sheriff Deininger and Deputy Sheriff Bowman then advanced up the steps to the scaffold and bade the prisoner good bye. Mr. D. S. Matthews and Dr. Lineaweaver, prison physician, also appeared and bade him farewell, also Harvey Deininger, assistant in the prison, and A. T. Ulrich, his attorney. Sheriff Deininger then asked the prisoner whether he had anything to say, to which the prisoner replied, "I have nothing." He was then handcuffed by placing his hands to his back. Straps were placed around his knees, feet and arms and Sheriff Deininger adjusted the white cap. All was now ready. There was a painful silence for a second, the prisoner trembling slightly

AS HE STOOD ON THE TRAP.

At ten forty-seven the sheriff sprang the trap and the man shot downward, bringing up at the end of the rope with a dull thud. The execution was well managed, and in marked contrast to the Camden horror and other recent executions. Spattenhuber died very easily. A few convulsive twitches and life was pronounced extinct. In ten minutes his pulse had ceased, and in thirteen minutes the pulsations of the heart had also ceased. He was allowed to hang for twenty-five minutes, when the body was cut down and placed in a coffin. It will be buried to-morrow in the Catholic Cemetery. The coffin was neat and substantial and finely decorated. The jury in attendance pronounced their verdict that the prisoner died of strangulation. But a few perceptible twitchings of the muscles were observable and his death

SEEMED TO HAVE BEEN WITHOUT PAIN.

Spattenhuber was born in Germany in 1850, and came to this country in 1875. It was represented to him that fortunes could be had almost for the asking, and he came with the idea of acquiring riches in a short time and returning. He was sadly disappointed, and in a depressed state of mind became a tramp. In October, 1877, he arrived at Lebanon. Here he formed an acquaintance with Augustus Kleinsmith, and throughout that winter assisted Kleinsmith in picking bones for a livelihood. During the winter months he became acquainted with Kate Harp, a stepdaughter of Kleinsmith, and, becoming attached to each other, in April, 1878, they left on a tramp through the western portions of Lebanon county, thence through Dauphin, Cumberland and Franklin counties, as far south

as Chambersburg. While on this tramp he labored with the farmers and did all kinds of work TO SUPPORT KATE AND HIMSELF.

After a four months' tramp they returned to Lebanon and he succeeded in getting work promised him at Witmer's quarry should a vacancy occur. While waiting for the summons he engaged in peddling rings, small looking-glasses and other small articles, residing with Bernhart Buehler, in the southern part of town, for eight weeks. He then changed his residence to Harry Peoples's, in the same portion of town and was residing there at the time of the murder. Augustus Kleinsmith had in the meantime removed with his family to Harrisburg, and ascertaining that Nimrod and Kate had returned to Lebanon from their tramp, and, being desirous of having Kate return to their home, they sent Ivison to Lebanon to have him induce Kate to return with him to her parents. Ivison, as well as the tramp, had a warm affection for Kate. The two men met at Peoples's house. Whisky was freely ordered and drank; a row occurred and Ivison was stabbed. Spattenhuber's ways claimed that his rival made the first attack, and that the killing was done in self-defense. However that may be, Spattenhuber was tried and convicted and his case subsequently given a careful hearing, but without favorable result.

A DENTIST'S DILEMMA.

Another Tooth-Carpenter Accused of Immoral Conduct Towards One of His Lady Patients While She was Under the Influence of Chloroform in the Operating Chair.

On Monday, 30th ult., Dr. William Gale, of Westfield, N. J., was arrested by ex-Chief of Police Koron, of Elizabeth, and taken before Justice Gorham, of the latter place. The charge against him was preferred by a little girl in the household of Rector H. C. Rush, of Grace (Episcopal) Church of Westfield. Her name is Theresa L. Young, and she is only thirteen years of age. She is short for her age, but has an intelligent face. She is neatly clothed, and wears short dresses. She visited Dr. Gale's drug store on the night of Sunday, the 22nd of June, to have a tooth extracted, and she avers that while she was under the influence of chloroform administered by the doctor he attempted violence. Her affidavit contains no other facts, but her story, as she told it in the presence of many witnesses, is that Dr. Gale and she were in a private room in the rear of the drug store, and he was operating upon the tooth that pained her. He gave her something which tasted sweet, and which burned as it passed down her throat, and

BADLY HER SWALLOW IT.

During the sleep into which she fell she was conscious of what Dr. Gale did, but was unable to speak, and could not move a muscle in her body. As soon as she awoke she hastened home and told her story.

Dr. Gale is forty-seven years of age, is a graduate of the Long Island College Hospital, and was for a number of years an assistant surgeon in the navy. He is not a dentist, he says, but understands dentistry, and makes use of his knowledge when he is called upon. His store is the wonder of the village. Almost anything can be obtained there. It is said in Westfield that he is the most prosperous and most energetic storekeeper in the place. His version of what occurred between himself and Theresa Young was given in a straightforward and

APPARENTLY FRANK MANNER.

He said that his store was not open on the Sunday in question, but at the little girl's request he consented to open it. His dental tools and great surgeon's chair are in his private room, back of the store. He and the little girl went in together. He lighted a lamp and put it on a stand, and Theresa sat in an infant's chair, so near the floor that the light fell upon her mouth, yet he was obliged to get on his knees to do his work. Theresa told him she had come in company with another little girl, but had sent the other girl home. The doctor says now that he regrets he did not compel Theresa to bring her companion into the store. It is the doctor's custom to have a witness in the room when he has a female patient. He has a whistle in the drawer of his desk with which he calls his wife under ordinary circumstances, but his wife was away, and this was a little girl wanting only a tooth pulled, and she went to work. His nephew dropped in, saw that he was busy, and went away. Others saw the light in the store and came in, but did not enter the back room. Dr. Gale says that the little girl will testify that the doors and windows were all open

WHILE SHE WAS IN THE ROOM.

He found that the tooth she complained of was in such a condition that he would not attempt to extract it except in daylight, but as the child seemed to be suffering terribly, he volunteered to kill the nerve of the tooth and extract the tooth next day. Therefore he scraped away the bone, and laid the nerve bare. This aggravated the pain. Next he soaked a little cotton in creosote, put something else on the cotton, and covered the top of the tooth with wax. As she yet suffered from the pain, he attached a wire brush to a galvanic battery and applied it to the aching tooth. She said she felt better, and he gave her a little bottle of compound extract of opium to rub on the tooth if it ached before she came to have it extracted. She put on her hat and rose to leave the store, but she was weak, and her nerves had been subjected to a strain greater than they could withstand, and she fainted and fell down. Alarmed at this, Doctor Gale says he lifted her to his surgical chair, which was extended like a sofa, and rubbed her face with water. She did not revive at once, and he acted, as he says any physician would, and opened her dress at the neck and at the waist. Soon she recovered, and he bade her get a companion to

SEE HER SAFELY HOME.

He did not use chloroform, he says he never has used it. Once he used ether upon a young lady, and nearly broke her jaw. Now he does not believe in anesthetics. He was once a juror at an inquest on the death of a young woman who died in Bellevue Hospital from the effects of chloroform, so that he knows the

evil effects of the drug, and has come to believe that it is almost criminal to use it. He says that Theresa stopped at a neighbor's and secured a companion for her journey home, but said nothing about any assault, and did not mention her grievance at her home until the following night. He judges this to be the fact, because Dr. Rush called on him on the Monday night referred to in great anger. He (Dr. Gale) was requested to go to the rector's house, and did so on that night, and there he found a jury of the rector's friends assembled to hear the story of Theresa and his version of the affair. He complains that he should have had a voice

IN THE PLANS FOR THIS HEARING.

Dr. Gale is a tall, well-formed man, and looks younger than he is. Dr. Gale is a member of the Presbyterian Church of Westfield.

The Rev. Dr. Rush said that he had turned the matter over to the law. He said that Theresa is an orphan girl and is employed as a nurse for his children. She is a truthful girl, not given to feats of imagination. She told of the assault directly after she reached home. She is positive she took chloroform. The rector interested himself in the case because, while she is in his household, he believes he is bound to act as the child's protector.

In Elizabeth Dr. Gale was held in \$1,000 to appear before the grand jury. His bondsmen were John Darsh, the baker of Westfield.

In Elizabeth Dr. Gale is remembered as a pushing business man. He was a retail grocer, then a wholesale grocer, and afterward kept a busy news stand. He read law before he quitted town; but a phrenologist told him he would make a better physician, and he studied medicine and adopted that as his profession.

There is a Dr. Gale (who is also a dentist) in Port Richmond, Staten Island, and he is the postmaster there as well. He remembers being called upon by a physician to extract some teeth for a lady on the island, and he gave her an anesthetic. The physician was present. When the lady recovered consciousness, she accused Dr. Gale (of Staten Island) of breaking into her house and smashing her piano, and nothing that was said convinced her of her mistake. Afterward Dr. Gale (of Staten Island) heard of a dentist in Philadelphia who was sentenced to prison for a term of years for an alleged assault on a woman under similar circumstances, and he wrote to the Governor of Pennsylvania about his own experience. He understands that the prisoner was pardoned.

THE WIFE-KILLING EPIDEMIC.

An Aged Man Furnishes a Most Horrible Case of it Supplemented by Self-destruction.

PITTSBURG, Pa., July 7.—One of the most horrible cases of murder and suicide occurred in Unity township, Westmoreland county, about thirty miles from here, yesterday afternoon. On a small farm in a thickly settled locality Joseph Akins lived with his wife and son. He was seventy-one years old, his wife seventy-three, and his son Thomas was thirty. The family were tolerably well off. The old man and his wife were born in the north of Ireland and came to this country when quite young. Their reputation among their neighbors was good, but both were noted for their hot tempers, and it was known that they frequently quarreled with each other. The title of their little farm was a disputed point, and it had caused many a breach of the peace in the Akins household. About a year ago, Akins contemplating a trip to Ireland, made arrangements for the journey, among which was the transfer, by deed, of the home, to his wife. Subsequent events caused him to change his mind and he did not leave the country. When he desired to be reinstated as the owner of the farm the wife firmly resisted, and since that time it appears their home life has been

AN INCESSANT JANGLE.

Yet they lived in the same house—the occupants of the same apartment—from which it is inferred that the woman never imagined from any act of her husband that her life was in jeopardy.

Yesterday morning Thomas Akins went to visit a neighbor. During the afternoon the aged woman was murdered by the man who had been her husband over forty years. There was an old army musket in the house. It was thought that this was not loaded before and that the crime was deliberately executed. The murderer must have gone to another apartment where the gun was, and there loaded it well up with bird shot, then returning pointed it deliberately at his wife and fired, the entire charge entering her left breast and undoubtedly causing instant death.

After the shooting Akins started toward the residence of a neighbor named Foley. He saw one of the young men of the family and said to him,

"I HAVE SHOT THE OLD WOMAN."

You will find her down in the house. Young Foley hurried to the house, and upon the threshold an appalling sight met his gaze. Prone upon the floor lay the inanimate form of Mrs. Akins, and from a great gaping wound in her breast a stream of blood flowed over her shoulder, and, trickling upon the floor by her neck, formed a pool about her head in which her gray disheveled locks were bedabbled, and with which the light shawl that had fallen from her back was saturated.

The young man turned away to give the alarm, and then he saw a second tragedy. Standing about thirty yards away was old Joseph Akins, with the muzzle of the old musket under his chin. He had taken off one of his shoes and his toe was upon the trigger of the gun. When Akins saw Foley turn toward him he pulled the trigger and blew almost half of his head away. The coroner held an inquest late last night, and a verdict of murder and suicide was rendered.

On the evening of the 7th Mrs. John Bundy, wife of the proprietor of the Union Depot Hotel, St. Louis, shot Leonard Offerman. Offerman and Bundy married sisters, and Mrs. Bundy says that she shot him for his outrageous treatment of their mother, who lived with the Offermans.

A MAZE OF MARRIAGES.

The Awfully Mixed Matrimonial Relations Resulting from the Legally Tolerated Giant Iniquity of Mormonism, as Especially Exhibited in the Harem of the Late High-Priest of Pious Incest and Sanctimonious Adultery.

The institution of polygamy, with its bewildering complications of marital relationship, is fruitful in startling and dramatic situations. The careers of Brigham Young and his numerous progeny abound with instances of domestic infelicity, mysterious maternity and curious conundrums of relationship. The melancholy tale of Lizzie Canfield, who claims to be the first wife of John Young, which has recently been made public, is but the key-note to a long chapter of infidelity, misery and degradation, which commenced in the classic city of Boston many years ago. In order to intelligibly unravel the maze of the marvelous facts and novel episodes which form this story, it will be necessary to revert to a period of time some thirty-five years ago. It was then that Brigham Young and his associate missionaries of Mormonism commenced to disseminate throughout the various cities of the Eastern States the astonishing creed and code of morals which advocated blood atonement, encouraged polygamy and elevated assassination to a principle of

RELIGIOUS FAITH AND DUTY.

At the time of Brigham's sojourn in Boston, where he succeeded in making numerous converts to his disgusting belief, there lived in the city, Augusta J. Cobb, the wife of a prominent citizen and a lady of brilliant beauty and unusual refinement. She, like most of the other unfortunate individuals who became converts to Mormonism, was persuaded to believe that the end of the world was near at hand, and to accept the mystic doctrine of the "affinity of souls." Brigham, pleased with his apt and lovely pupil in Mormon piety, took great pleasure in counseling her to aspire to a nobler and a better husband than he to whom she was wedded, and to select for her future companion in the witching walks of wedlock some learned expounder of the Mormon creed, who would take pleasure in the pious occupation of "exalting her in the kingdom." Brigham's honeyed words and blandishments made a deep impression on the heart of the hitherto pure wife and affectionate mother, and, heedless of the happiness of her fond husband and helpless little ones, the infatuated woman rudely sundered the ties which had united her family, and, accompanied by her youngest daughter, followed Brigham to the Rocky Mountains, the latter having left Boston at the time of Joseph Smith's death and become the

HEAD OF THE MORMON CHURCH.

The little daughter of Mrs. Cobb grew up to womanhood under his roof, and in her disgust for the vices and debasements of Mormonism refused the infinitesimal fractions of hearts of many much-married Mormons who wished her to ornament a niche in their harems. Finally, however, she became enamored of the manly graces of a merchant who was already the possessor of three wives, and consented to complete the conubial quartet. Her brother, who had reached manhood in Boston, came to Utah and married a hand, some Mormon girl, the daughter of John Van Cott, once a resident of New York. Two children blessed their union, after which they separated, and Brigham, who never lost an opportunity to improve the personnel of his corps of wives, took the charming and voluptuous young mother for his bride, thus wedding the wife of his wife's son. Tuelia, the elder of the two children referred to above, was the subsequent wife of John Young, and the young lady who caused such sorrow and ruin in the heart of Libbie, his other wife. Thus Brigham's son married in Tuelia the daughter of his father's bride, the child of his step-brother, Cobb, the granddaughter of his step-mother and his own niece. The senior Mrs. Cobb of Boston, for a time was

THE FAVORITE IN THE PROPHET'S HAREM.

He was destitute of education himself, and hated the advantage which it gave to others over him, but he liked to have it around him in his own family, and he was proud to call Mrs. Cobb "one of my wives" when she was presented to strangers. He showed her the best attention that he was capable of showing to any person for a few years, but the perverted thought that had been poured into her ears in Boston had taken deep root, and she was again destined to show to her teacher how well she had profited by his instructions. For him she had left Mr. Cobb in Boston, and for another she was ready to exchange him. After the first flush of a polygamic marriage is over, and, perhaps, disappointment has been shown on one side or the other, "a new deal" is easily brought around. Mrs. Cobb was dissatisfied with Brigham, and he in turn was ready to give her up—she would be one less to support in his family, and he was

WILLING FOR SOME ONE ELSE TO HAVE HER.

The time came for the new love of Mrs. Cobb-Young to be declared. Brigham gave her audience and was all attention, anxious now to get rid of her, but to his mortal chagrin and utter bewilderment she quietly poured into his ears that "she wanted to be sealed to Jesus Christ"—to become one of his wives in eternity! She was not insane. She had believed the Mormon apostle who had taught her in Boston that "she could exalt herself by the choice of a husband who stood high in the kingdom, and that it made no difference whether the choice of her ambition was living or dead." In their fanatical preaching they had taught that Christ was a polygamist on earth, and "to the increase of His kingdom there was no end." Mrs. Cobb seriously made that selection; but the very honesty of the woman's logic staggered Brigham, and he wilted before the natural deduction of

HIS OWN FALSE TEACHING.

He could not venture that far. He was too cowardly to meet the blasphemy which his own tongue had suggested, and he closed the controversy with the admission that "he could not seal her to Christ, but he would do the next best thing—he would seal her to Joseph Smith. The merchant who married the daughter in Utah apostatized from the faith of Brigham, and was cut off from the church for rebellion, and of course his three extra wives became an awkward incumbrance. He was an honorable man, and as he regained his senses and saw Christianity differently he provided for his polygamic wives, including the Miss Cobb, of Boston, and she is again a marriageable lady, residing in Santa Cruz.



A JEALOUS HUSBAND'S REVENGE—MR. NATHAN WOODS TRACKS MR. JOHN W. LINGO TO THE APARTMENTS OF HIS WIFE, FROM WHOM HE HAD SEPARATED, BREAKS IN UPON THE INTERVIEW OF THE PAIR, AND ADMINISTERS A TERRIBLE CASTIGATION TO THE SUSPECTED LOTHARIO; LEDA-NON, OHIO.—SEE PAGE 6.



PLANTING A CHINAMAN—CURIOUS CEREMONIES AT THE GRAVE OF WEE KA YUNG, A DEFUNCT CELESTIAL, BY HIS BRETHREN OF THE "WASHEE" PROFESSION, WHO GIVE HIM A SEND-OFF IN THE MOST APPROVED STYLE OF THE FLOWERY KINGDOM; BELLEVILLE, N. J.—SEE PAGE 3.



A DESERTED WIFE'S DESPAIR—MRS. JOSEPHINE A. COITON, FRENZIED BY HER ALLEGED ABANDONMENT BY HER HUSBAND FOR ANOTHER WOMAN, ENDS A LIFE OF SORROW AND DOMESTIC DIFFICULTY BY A DELIBERATELY-PLANNED SUICIDE; NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 5.



A LEAP INTO ETERNITY—LOUIS HYMAN, IN ATTEMPTING TO DESCEND A STEEP HILL OF THE PALISADES, IS UNABLE TO ARREST HIS IMPETUS AND IS HURLED OVER A FEARFUL PRECIPICE, WITH FATAL EFFECT; FORT LEE, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 11.



BULL AND BEAR IN SANGUINARY ANTAGONISM—SAVAGE SPECTACLE PRESENTED IN A FIERCE FIGHT BETWEEN TAURUS AND BRUIN, WHO REND EACH OTHER IN THE ARENA TO MAKE A COUNTRY HOLIDAY—THE BEAR BECOMES DISGUSTED WITH THE PART ASSIGNED HIM AS ACTOR IN THE SCENE AND CREATES A WILD PANIC BY HIS FRANTIC EFFORTS TO TAKE A POSITION AMONG THE SPECTATORS; CUSTER CITY, PA.—SEE PAGE 8.

A FATAL FOURTH.

Appalling List of Crimes and Casualties
Occurring upon the Nation's Birthday, or
Incident to its Celebration.

ANOTHER MURDER MYSTERY.

A Reputable Citizen Shot Down at Night on
His Own Premises, and the Police are Un-
able to Even Find a Plausible Theory.

A HOLIDAY HOLOCAUST.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Piercing shrieks by a woman startled the neighborhood of Twenty-first street and Tenth avenue about two o'clock on the morning of the Fourth. Policeman Sands, of the Twentieth street station, heard the cries while patrolling his beat two blocks distant. Guided by the woman's voice, he hurried down Twenty-first street to near Tenth avenue, and found that the cries proceeded from the grounds of the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church, which institution consists of two buildings in the center of the block bounded by Twentieth and Twenty-first streets and Ninth and Tenth avenues. Scaling the fence, the officer found lying stretched upon the ground in a grove of trees, and bleeding from a pistol-shot wound in the breast, John F. Seymour, brother-in-law of Bishop George F. Seymour, Dean of the seminary. The shrieks came from his wife, the bishop's sister, who exclaimed piteously as she passed her hand over her husband's face: "They've murdered my husband!"

"THEY'VE KILLED HIM!"

Bishop Seymour was with her, vainly trying to appease her grief, but she passionately flung herself upon her husband's body and in the intervals of her convulsive cries besought the policeman to go for a doctor instantly to save her husband. But hastily thrusting his hand into the bosom of the prostrate man, the policeman said:

"It's no use; the man is dead."

A stretcher was procured, and the body was accordingly taken to the station. The officers insisted upon both the bishop and Mrs. Seymour accompanying them, as also a young man who, hearing the cries, had scaled the fence before the officer got there. Mrs. Seymour wished to stop and change her dress, but the officers would hear nothing, and insisted that both she and the bishop should go immediately to the station. After telling a hurried story, they were escorted to the captain's room, where they were detained until the arrival of Coroner Flanagan, by whose order they were

IMMEDIATELY ALLOWED TO GO HOME.

The grounds around the seminary buildings are spacious, and are filled with groves of trees and wide-spreading meadows of grass, which prove a tempting invitation to the tenement-imprisoned population of Tenth avenue and vicinity, who not unfrequently scale the low fences and regale themselves by reclining on the grass under the trees. It was the habit of John F. Seymour, who, since his retirement from business, had, with his family, lived with his brother-in-law, Bishop Seymour, to go out and clear the grounds of these "tramps," as they were called, and the last seen of him was on Thursday night about half past ten o'clock, when he left his wife in the parlor of the building (A) and went out, as he said, to "look after the tramps." He was a stoutly-built man, nearly six feet high, weighing about 225 pounds, with iron-gray hair and beard, and firm-set features which indicated that he was

A MAN OF DETERMINATION.

He was not at all afraid to patrol the lovely grounds, or to order off the tramps, and his wife thought nothing of his going out for that purpose.

Shortly after he went out, Bishop Seymour came home from a preaching engagement, and, as he was very tired, proceeded to lock up the house and go to bed. But Mrs. John F. Seymour said, "Don't lock the front door, as John has gone out." So the bishop went to bed, and Mrs. Seymour lay down on a lounge to take a nap. She awoke between one and two o'clock, and found that her husband had not returned. He was not in his bedroom, which was separate from hers, and the front door was still unlocked. In alarm she awoke her brother, the bishop, and requested him to go out in the grounds and look for John. Some time was occupied in searching the extensive grounds. They were walking down the Twenty-first street side, about seventy feet from Tenth avenue. The bishop was walking near the fence, and Mrs. Seymour was in the path about fifteen feet distant, when suddenly she exclaimed,

"WHY, HERE IS JOHN ASLEEP."

Rushing over to her side, the bishop saw her bending over her husband, who lay almost parallel with the path, flat on his back, with his feet toward Tenth avenue, and his head toward Ninth. His hands lay upon his breast as though he were in peaceful slumber. Bishop Seymour laid his hand upon Mr. Seymour's forehead, and found it cold. Then the blood upon his shirt was discovered. "He is dead!" exclaimed the bishop. Then ensued the terrible scene that aroused the neighborhood, and brought the police to the spot. Mr. Seymour had on his blue flannel pantaloons and coat, without a vest, and his slippers. Everything of value that he had upon his person was found. There was no mark of any struggle in the vicinity, which would have been indicated by the matting of the long grass. No weapon was found, although the most rigorous search was made by the police and citizens who flocked to the scene.

Coroner Flanagan impelled the jury shortly after noon and took them to view the body which lay in one of the parlors of the seminary. The inquest was, however, postponed

WITHOUT FURTHER PROCEEDINGS.

Deputy Coroner Miller made the post-mortem examination. He found the ball, which was of the smallest caliber, to have entered at the left breast between the third and fourth ribs, passing through the main artery of the body near the heart, lodging in the back near the spinal cord. He thought the ball took a downward course and was fired from an elevation, also that it could not have been fired from any distance. The theory of suicide which was first broached was found untenable.

The relatives and the other occupants of the seminary all incline to the theory of murder. They say that the grounds were always infested at night by bad characters, who found no trouble in getting over the low fences. Possibly Mr. Seymour might have found some lusty tramp and been overpowered in a short scuffle, then shot face to face, and the noise of the pistol would not attract any attention, as the celebration of the Fourth had already begun, and pistol-shots even at that hour were plenty. It would have been an easy matter for a desperado to have fired the fatal shot and skulked along the fence until he found an opportunity to escape when no one was near. The colored man who is employed in the seminary gives a vivid description of the desperate characters he has seen from time to time trespassing on the grounds. They come from the thickly settled portion of the city, between Tenth avenue and the river, and consider the extensive grounds of the seminary a sort of public park. Sometimes gangs of half-grown boys get over and play ball, and can only be ousted

BY THE INTERVENTION OF THE POLICE.

Often when ordered off they refuse to go. "Meeting an unarmed man at two o'clock in the morning," the colored man says, "it would be the most natural thing for one of those fellows to show fight if ordered off, and to shoot any one who undertook to put him off."

Another theory is that the shooting may have been done by some careless celebrant of the Fourth, recklessly firing into the open grounds, thinking that no one was there at that hour, or by some one in the neighborhood firing at cats which is not an unusual pastime in that vicinity. Up to the present time however, no genuine clue to the mystery appears to have been found, and all the theories are the merest guess work.

Bishop Seymour was so overcome that he required medical attendance and medicine to quiet his nerves. He was convinced that his brother-in-law had been murdered, and scouted the idea of suicide. Bishop Seymour said that on Thursday evening his brother-in-law noticed some of the many male and female tramps that so often infest the grounds and warned them off. Later, thinking he saw some one beyond the west building, he walked in that direction to warn them off. He has no doubt that the pistol was fired by some person who was standing near or some one firing an accidental shot from an opposite window.

John F. Seymour was born at Stillwater, Saratoga county, N. Y., June 2, 1818. He came to this city in 1836. He married his cousin, the daughter of the late Isaac N. Seymour, Treasurer of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company.

Mr. and Mrs. Seymour had been married about thirty-five years, and had three grown up daughters married.

Murdered for Celebrating the Day.

[Subject of Illustration.]

At a very early hour, long before the Fourth of July dawned upon Staten Island, a shocking tragedy happened in Tompkinsville. George Sisk, an Irishman, thirty-four years of age, lived with his wife on Monroe avenue, near Quarantine landing. He was a painter by trade, and had been in this country many years. He was a steady, hard-working man, a great favorite with all who knew him and a proficient in all exercises in which physical strength was required. On the opposite side of Monroe avenue, in a house facing that of Sisk, lived Richard B. Rawlinson, an Englishman, who came to this country only eight months since. He was watchman, or keeper, for the Staten Island Boat Club's house, and, like Sisk, he was industrious and attentive to business. He, too, was well liked by all his neighbors, except Sisk, between whom and the Englishman ill feeling seems to have existed for some time. Rawlinson has a wife and a large family, but Sisk has no children. Sisk was an enthusiast in his

REVERENCE FOR HIS ADOPTED COUNTRY.

Rawlinson's loyalty was all bestowed across the Atlantic. For weeks past Sisk had been making preparations for a fitting celebration of the Fourth of July, and his earnestness drew upon him some slight ridicule from Rawlinson. Sisk laid in a stock of fireworks, and on the day before was in a fever of excitement all day. The sergeant of the Staten Island police says that he saw Sisk at half past ten o'clock on Thursday night hastening to his home in high spirits, and perfectly sober. Two hours afterward a messenger hastily rushed into the police station with the information that the young Irishman was shot, and that Rawlinson, who had inflicted the wound, had been seized by the crowd and was in

IMMINENT DANGER OF BEING LYNCHED.

Officer Russell hastened to Sisk's house, and found Rawlinson trying to defend himself against his assailants. Some of Rawlinson's clothes had been torn off, and had not the officer opportunely arrived the consequences might have been serious for the Englishman. He was rescued with some difficulty and locked up, while Dr. Anderson was summoned to attend the wounded man. He found that the bullet from Rawlinson's pistol had penetrated Sisk's left temple, and was imbedded in the brain. It was useless to probe for it, as the physician was satisfied that the man must die. Sisk was unconscious, and knew nobody from the time he was shot until he died at three A. M. Father Barry, the pastor of St. Peter's Roman Catholic Church, of which Sisk was an attendant, arrived soon after the shooting, and remained with him until the end.

The story told by Mrs. Sisk of her husband's death

is as follows: He came home about eleven o'clock and had supper. He was quite sober, but he wished to be the first man on Staten Island to

BEGIN CELEBRATING THE FOURTH OF JULY.

With his wife and sister he sat upon the steps of his house until the clock, which he had set carefully, marked the hour of twelve. One minute afterward he began to fire blank cartridges from his pistol. He had been occupied thus for fifteen minutes, when Rawlinson opened the door of his house across the road and shouted to Sisk to "stop that noise," as he was keeping the children awake. Sisk told Rawlinson that he had better go back to England if he wished to escape the noise of pistol firing on the Fourth of July, and continued to discharge the pistol. Rawlinson again asked Sisk to stop, and threatened to make him do so, but Sisk paid no attention to this. After a few minutes Sisk got up from the steps and walked about fifty yards down the avenue. Mrs. Sisk says she saw Rawlinson following her husband, and she was greatly alarmed. Suddenly she heard the crack of a pistol that sounded somewhat different from the report of her husband's pistol. Rising to her feet, she rushed down the road, followed by her sister-in-law. A short distance away and hardly out of sight of the house, they found Sisk lying on the ground and breathing heavily, and with the bullet in his brain. Rawlinson, they said, was standing over him, a smoking pistol in his hand, and

SEEMED TO BE DAZED.

Mrs. Sisk threw herself upon her husband's body and shrieked for assistance. A party of young men who were wandering about the roads, waiting for daylight to enable them to fittingly begin the celebration of the Fourth of July, heard her, and, coming up, they seized Rawlinson, who made no attempt to escape, and carried Sisk to his home.

At 1 o'clock on the morning of the Fourth, the prisoner was taken before Justice Magee, who committed him to the village lock-up in New Brighton. He was in a state of great dejection. He had not been told that Sisk was dead, for it was feared if he knew the full extent of the calamity he would attempt to take his own life. He divined, however, that there was no hope of Sisk's recovery. "What have I to live for," he said, "if Sisk dies?"

Rawlinson tells a story somewhat different from that related by the dead man's widow. He says he and his family went to bed early on Thursday night, and were all aroused at midnight by the reports of Sisk's pistol. He waited for some time, but as the noise continued he went to the hall door and very quietly asked Sisk to stop firing. The Irishman retorted by calling him a — Englishman, and

CONTINUED TO DISCHARGE HIS WEAPON.

Rawlinson then began to talk to a neighbor of his who had likewise been disturbed by the firing. Sisk, Rawlinson avers, walked across the road, abused him, and then drew something out of his pocket. Rawlinson asked him whether it was a pistol, and Sisk struck him violently in the face, and made a motion as though he were about to fire at him. Believing that his life was in danger, Rawlinson says, he then drew his own pistol and shot his assailant.

Coroner Dempsey secured a jury, who viewed the body on the same day, and the inquest was then adjourned until Monday, 7th inst., but as Coroner Dempsey was recently convicted of fraudulently obtaining money from the county, and sentenced, and as he is now at liberty under bail, his proceedings were subsequently declared to be invalid, and the case was placed in the hands of Coroner Gaffney.

Bloody Revenge of "Paddy the Lug."

[Subject of Illustration.]

John O'Connell, a young married man, twenty-eight years of age, was fatally stabbed late at night between the 3d and 4th, in Nyack, on the Hudson, by Patrick Nichols, better known about the town as "Paddy the Lug." O'Connell was a boss mason and had formerly employed Nichols. Both men have families. O'Connell was a man of considerable prominence in Nyack, and is said to have been worth about \$25,000. Nichols worked for him, off an on, for seven or eight years. Last spring, owing to his perverse disposition, he was discharged. On the afternoon of the 3d, both men met on a street in Nyack. There was an altercation. Words passed between them, and they separated. Not long afterward they met a second time. The dispute was renewed, and it is said that blows were exchanged. Nichols is about five feet nine inches tall, and weighs nearly 180 pounds. O'Connell was two inches taller, and weighed about the same. He was

A MAN OF COMMANDING APPEARANCE.

About midnight Mr. O'Connell stood in the street talking with his brother-in-law, John Cannon. Nichols came up the street, and the quarrel was renewed for the third time. Nichols accused O'Connell of being actuated by ill-feeling in ordering his discharge, and O'Connell denied it. The lie was given, and profane epithets were exchanged. Finally, O'Connell struck Nichols, knocking out two of his teeth. Nichols staggered back and gazed at O'Connell. "By heavens," he said, "I'll murder you." He turned on his heel and walked to his house, three doors below. His wife met him at the door. He told her his story, and Kinsey heard him say, "You go and bring me my knife and

"I'LL FIX HIM."

Within two minutes he reappeared on the corner. O'Connell was still talking to his brother-in-law. Men were drinking in King's lager-beer saloon close by. Nichols approached O'Connell with a sharp carving-knife at his side. No one appears to have seen the knife.

"You —, you've knocked two of my teeth out, and I'm going to get square with you," said Nichols.

"You —," O'Connell replied, "clear out and let me alone."

O'Connell seems to have anticipated what was coming, for he began to move away from the corner down the sidewalk. Nichols followed him. When O'Connell was opposite the window of King's saloon, Nichols plunged the knife into his breast. The heart was cleft in twain and a rib was severed. O'Connell walked about ten steps, and fell at the entrance of the

saloon, with his head on the water-table. He gasped once or twice, and was a dead man.

After the murder Nichols ran to his house, and locked himself in. O'Connell's body was carried into King's saloon. From forty to fifty persons gathered around the saloon. The most of them were warm friends of O'Connell, who appears to have been very popular. Their indignation was so great that they

THREATENED TO LYNCH THE MURDERER.

Officer Garabrant went to Nichols' house, but was refused admittance, as Nichols declared his life was in danger from the crowd, who demanded summary vengeance.

On the officer's repeated assurances that her husband should not be harmed, the wife opened the door. The officer found Nichols sleeping upon the side of the bed in his sleeping apartment. He snapped a pair of handcuffs on his wrists amid the protests of his wife, and conducted him to a livery stable near by.

The crowd became so threatening that he hired a team and conveyed his prisoner to the New City jail, seven miles away.

An inquest was held by Coroner Hobson, of Piermont, on the Fourth, and a verdict was rendered that O'Connell came to his death at the hands of Nichols. The latter was then remanded to await the action of the grand jury.

A Fatal Firecracker.

[Subject of Illustration.]

FISHKILL LANDING, N. Y., July 6.—About five o'clock yesterday afternoon Miss Dunbar, in company with a friend, Miss Ida Horton of Fishkill, started for a walk through a grove in the suburbs of the town, known as Toohy's Wood. It is a picturesque spot at the foot of the Fishkill Mountains, and the Matteawan Creek runs through it. A few rods from the entrance to the wood a rock juts out into the stream, and on this rock a party of seven boys, whose ages range from twelve to seventeen years, had planted a miniature cannon, and, with it and firecrackers, they were continuing the celebration of the Fourth. As the two young ladies passed them, one of the boys, Albert Evans, at the instigation of Samuel Chatfield, ran toward them and threw a firecracker after them. Neither of the young women took any notice of it, and Miss Horton says that she did not hear it explode. The boy Evans says that it went off. The young woman walked on about a hundred yards, and Miss Dunbar said to her companion that the grass was very hot. Thereupon Miss Horton turned toward her friend and discovered that the latter's dress was on fire. She cried, "You're on fire!" and the two immediately turned and ran toward the boys,

SCREAMING FOR HELP AS THEY RAN.

The rapid motion fanned the fire into a flame, and Miss Dunbar had not run half a dozen rods before she was completely enveloped in fire. Elias Gerrow, who was near by, ran to her, and tearing off his cardigan jacket, threw it about her. But before he had reached her the fire had consumed nearly all her clothing, which fell from her in pieces as she ran. The boys called to her to run into the creek, which was about a hundred feet distant. Miss Horton ran back to a house near the entrance to the grove, with the intention, she said, of getting something with which to smother the flames. Meanwhile Gerrow was doing his best with his jacket, but almost as soon as he had thrown it about Miss Dunbar she fell unconscious. She had in her frenzy run nearly back to the spot where the boys were at play. All of her clothing had been burnt except her corsets, and only a portion of them remained. This was removed, and with only the cardigan jacket about her, she was placed in a butcher's cart that was passing and was

TAKEN TO HER HOME.

Almost the last thing she said was that she wished they would bring her the boy whose thoughtlessness had cost her life; she knew if he could see her he would never play with firecrackers again. At seven forty-five she died.

The dead girl had lived in Matteawan but a short time. She and her widowed and now childless mother moved there from Fishkill.

Jessie was about twenty-six years old. She had received a good education, which, with her pleasant manners, and attractive appearance, had given her immediate popularity with the young.

Upon coming to Matteawan they entered the Presbyterian Church. The dead girl was possessed of a fine contralto voice, and was regarded as a desirable acquisition to the choir and Sunday-school.

A coroner's jury brought in a verdict strongly censuring the wanton recklessness of the boys.

A Rowdy Shot by an Officer.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The rush of people to the East River Park at the foot of Sixty-third street on the evening of the Fourth was so great that the gate-keepers were nearly swept from their places by the impatient throng. Taking advantage of the press, Michael McArthur and his companions tried to pass in without paying. Officer Wade saw him in the act of slipping through the gate, and arrested him. The officer is a small man, and McArthur, who is larger and powerful, resisted. His friends came to his assistance, and rolled the officer on the ground, kicking and beating him. One of them drew a knife, when the officer used his revolver. At the first shot McArthur fell, and his companions fled. He was taken to the Fifty-ninth street police station, and afterwards to the Roosevelt Hospital, where the ball was found to have entered the small of the back, making a fatal wound. McArthur is twenty-two years of age, and gave his residence as 811 First avenue, though he is known to live in East Thirtieth street. The officer says he fired the shot only to save his own life. None of the other assailants were arrested.

Fatalities and Casualties.

David Joseph, an actor in the Tivoli theatre under the name of Dave Howard, was shot in the abdomen by William Schlartz. Joseph was to have appeared at performances on the Fourth, and the occurrence took place just a few hours before the entertainment began. He was taken to the hospital and died in about

CURRENT CRIME.

Weekly Calendar of Conspicuous Offenses
Against Person and
Property.

MURDER'S UGLY RECORD.

Terrible But Well-Earned Vengeance Visited upon a Beastly Black Assailant of a Helpless Woman, by Justly Incensed Citizens.

THE NEGRO ASSASSINS OF MAJOR PUGH.

JUDGE LYNCH'S SPEEDY JUSTICE.

DENVER, Col., July 7.—James H. Croft and Charles G. Wobroth, who were arrested at Alamosa, on Thursday, for the murder of William Syock on the 27th of June, in New Mexico, for his mule, were taken from jail at 1 A. M., on Saturday last, by 100 armed men, and hanged to a cotton-wood tree.

A BLACK HOUND RIGHTLY SERVED.

GALVESTON, Texas, July 5.—A special dispatch from Mineola says that the negro who assaulted Miss Edwards, near Lindale, on Wednesday, was captured yesterday, and, after being identified by his victim, was literally hacked to pieces by a mob. The body was found disfigured beyond recognition.

AN INNOCENT MAN MURDERED BY A MOB.

AUSTIN, Tex., July 7.—Five years ago Mrs. Faust and Miss Voeker were murdered in bed with an ax at New Braunfels. The husband of Mrs. Faust was arrested for the murder, and afterward taken from jail by a mob and shot. M. P. De La Yors, who has died in Bandera county, confesses on his death-bed that he murdered the women for the purpose of robbery, and Faust was entirely innocent of it.

EXECUTION OF A MEXICAN.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., July 7.—Jose Cordova, a Mexican, was hanged to-day for the murder of Robert Trimble in July, 1877. Cordova declared his innocence. He made a similar statement in writing yesterday, but the evidence against him was conclusive. One morning in July, 1877, Trimble's body was found rolled up in his wagon blankets in a water-hole on the road-side some distance from San Antonio. Two stab wounds that penetrated to the heart and a pistol shot wound in the breast were found upon the body. Subsequently, the man who was hanged to-day and his brother, Feliciano Cordova, were found in possession of Trimble's wagon and effects.

CONFESSION OF NEGRO THUGS.

MURFREESBORO, Tenn., July 7.—John Hall and Burrel Smith, colored, who are to be hanged on August 4th for the murder of Major Pugh, to-day made a full confession of the crime, both repeatedly asserting as an earnest of their truthfulness that they knew they were doomed to death at an early day; that they expected to go to heaven and did not want to die with a lie on their lips. Hall led the conversation, saying that himself and Smith went to Major Pugh's with no other intention than robbery; that he got over the fence and was in the lot when Major Pugh came out, and to save himself fired at Pugh twice, the first shot taking effect. Both then ran off. They also confessed to numerous burglaries, by which Murfreesboro merchants lost \$25,000; also to having committed arson.

MURDERED IN COLD BLOOD.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., July 5.—George Lord, of Redding, aged about twenty-three, was shot by William Lyon, of Bethel, about six o'clock last evening. Lord drove up in front of Fox's Hotel, went in and purchased some ice-cream, and as he went out Lyon stepped into Lord's backboard. On being requested to get out or stand up so that Lord could put the cream under the seat, Lyon refused to stir, but made an attempt to drive away with the team. At this point Lord stepped up to the wagon and took hold of the whip. Lyon swore he would not get out, and Lord said, "I will make you." Almost in an instant Lyon drew a revolver and shot Lord, the bullet entering on the left side of the head, near the temple. Lord is still living, but lying in a very critical condition, with little or no hope of his recovery. Physicians probed for the bullet, and decided it is lodged in the brain. Lord has been considered a fellow of good character, quiet and peaceable. Lyons is a young man, and is regarded as a sort of desperado, having been guilty of criminal acts before. He was in a partial state of intoxication at the time of the affray.

A DESPERATE DEED.

PUEBLO, Col., June 30.—A terrible and fatal shooting affray occurred here about noon to-day. A party of cattle men came into town to-day, and, in defiance of an ordinance recently passed by the city council prohibiting the carrying of revolvers, each man had his revolver strapped around him. Some of them, about noon, became quite drunk and noisy, and began flourishing their revolvers and challenging the officers to arrest them. Alvin Phippeny, from Peru, Neb., recently appointed on the police force, seized one named John Baxter and endeavored to wrest his revolver from him, when Baxter struck him on the head, cutting an ugly gash. Phippeny then drew his revolver, and still holding to each other, both fired. Phippeny's ball passing completely through Baxter's abdomen, and Baxter's passing through Phippeny's thigh. Phippeny then started to run into a saloon in front of which the shooting occurred, when one of the crowd, said to be Jim Moore, shot him in the back, the ball passing entirely through him. Phippeny fell and expired almost instantly. All the cattle men are under arrest except Moore, who jumped on his horse and escaped. A large posse are in pursuit, and should he be captured will be liable to go hard with him.

A FATAL THRUST FROM A WALKING STICK.

Elias Lindeheim, saloon proprietor, of 104 West Twenty-sixth street, died on the morning of the 9th

in the New York Hospital, after having undergone fearful agony for twenty-four hours. His death is due to Thomas C. Lenahan, a young man lately residing at 428 Sixth avenue, but now under arrest. The prisoner had formerly been in partnership with Lindeheim, but the latter had taken exception to his neglect of business, and the result had been a breaking up of the partnership. Seemingly there was no ill feeling between them when Lenahan entered on the morning of the 8th, about half past five o'clock, and engaged in conversation, but it was noticeable that he had been drinking to excess, and the saloon-keeper himself was not entirely free from the influence of liquor. After several glasses of beer had been consumed by all the party Lindeheim demanded payment for them, and Lenahan, who had been ordering more than the others, peremptorily refused to settle. At this words passed between them, a fight was threatened and some of the occupants of the place began edging out to escape trouble, when Lindeheim uttered a terrible shriek and fell back upon the floor. No one seemed positive how it occurred, but it is said that Lenahan made a blow at the other, who hastened to retaliate, and in doing so turned about to the counter. Then his antagonist, fancying he had a pistol, lunged at him with his cane and the point was driven right through his left eye. It forced that organ backward, and, entering the brain, caused almost immediate prostration. Lindeheim was cared for by the people, who, fancying at first that his hurts were trivial, made no attempt to report them. It was only after five hours, when they saw no sign of returning consciousness, that they brought word to the police.

A LEAP TO ETERNITY.

Frightful Fall of a Young Excursionist Over a Precipice of the Palisades.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On the afternoon of the Fourth of July Louis Hyman visited Fort Lee again. He was alone, but met on the pier seven friends, Jacob and Aaron Lamkey, David Grinthal, their cousin, Abraham and Isaac Levy, Bernard Berger and Samuel Rosenthal, all of them of about Hyman's age. The first thing the young men did was to go in bathing, with the understanding that afterward they would have a row on the river.

After coming out they proceeded up a long flight of steps to a pavilion on the top of the hill where they had a lunch, and then started to go down the hill.

The Palisades, at their southern extremity, terminate abruptly in a high bluff, from which a long view down the river may be obtained. At the summit of the bluff is the pavilion. At its foot, a few hundred feet away, is the hotel, standing on a side hill up which a road winds from the river to Fort Lee village. A person standing at the southeast corner of the pavilion, and facing eastward, looks over the perpendicular face of the Palisades. If he faces southward he may look down a precipitous hill about 100 feet to a ledge, from which the descent is perpendicular. The descent from this ledge to a road below is about 25 feet. As the party passed along the top of this hill, some one suggested that it would not be difficult to

GO DOWN THAT WAY.

Lamkey started to go down the hill, followed by all but Levy, Rosenthal and Hyman. Hyman, after following Levy a short distance, turned, and, as Rosenthal said, it afterward seemed to him was drawn by his doom to go down the hill. The five, led by Lamkey, had already reached the bottom safely by turning to one side as they descended, and thus avoiding the cliff at the bottom. They stood in the road below and watched Hyman as he came running and leaping down the rocks and loose gravel. He came directly down toward the ledge. Three or four feet above the ledge stands a stout young oak. Realizing his danger when too late, or perhaps not appreciating the rapidity of his descent, Hyman was seen to sheer to one side in order to grasp the tree. He missed the tree entirely, and they saw him come with unchecked speed forward.

OVER THE LEDGE WITH BOTH ARMS RAISED.

He struck the earth at full length, and with arms extended, a little on one side. He lay breathing, but unconscious. A drop of blood came to his lips. One of his companions hastened up the hill to the office of a physician in the village, but the physician said, it is alleged, that attending patients was a mere matter of money with him. The person who called had only a little change in his pocket, and when he began to argue, the physician, it is said, told him to "get out." Aaron Lamkey ran to the hotel and asked one of the bar-tenders for a glass of water, explaining that it was for a person that had been injured by falling from the rocks. The bar-tender asked him what he was so excited about. Lamkey told him that a human life might be depending on his getting the water, but Lamkey says the bar-tender laughed and refused to give it to him. There never before was such a throng of visitors to Fort Lee, and all of the half dozen bar-tenders were as busy as they could be in supplying their customers.

Hyman, yet unconscious, was at last lifted upon a stretcher, and carried by his friends to the pier through the dense throng. The injured young man was then taken across the river and carried to the Manhattanville police station, and thence to the Ninety-ninth Street Hospital, where he died the following morning. Examination showed an injury to the spine and internal hemorrhage. The unfortunate young man's parents are in deep distress at their loss. His father is nearly sixty years of age.

A Female Footpad.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., July 7.—On Saturday last Furman Gilliland, a resident of Spottswood, was knocked down and robbed of \$47 by a depraved woman named Maria Arbor, who was drunk. She was subsequently arrested by Constable Applegate of Washington Village, and taken before a Justice of the Peace of that village. She gave bonds for her appearance before the next grand jury.

A Fatal Fourth.

an hour afterward. Before he died Joseph told his physician that the shooting was purely accidental.

Lawrence Condon, aged 13, was shot through the heart by John Levy, aged 14, and instantly killed. Levy took from a drawer an old pistol belonging to his father, and Condon purchased cartridges. The two boys went to the pier at the foot of West Thirty-fifth street, where they met several companions and amused themselves by shooting at a target. Condon handed the pistol to Levy, who, with the words, "Your money or your life," playfully pointed the pistol at Condon, and believing that the weapon was not loaded, pulled the trigger. Levy was arrested, and is held to await the action of the coroner.

Oliver B. Goldsmith, the writing teacher, was shot in the arm while standing on the stoop of his house, in West Fifty-third street by a reckless young rowdy, who succeeded in making his escape and who remains unknown.

Albert Fisher, aged nine, and Charles Fisher, aged twelve, of 118 Willow street, Hoboken, were accidentally shot by Charles Schroeder. The ball, after piercing Charles Fisher's arm, entered Albert's neck, and inflicted a mortal wound.

In Jersey City, Mary Dietz, aged 11, of Palisade avenue, was accidentally shot and seriously injured by a pistol in the hands of another child.

COLUMBUS, O., July 4.—By the explosion of a cannon this afternoon in a crowd of two men, Munroe Brown and William Bamburg, were dangerously wounded. Portions of the gun were thrown several squares into the crowded streets, but without seriously hurting any one beyond those above named.

ONEIDA, N. Y., July 4.—By premature discharge of an old cannon used for firing a salute to-day at Denhamville, Oneida county, E. Burdo was killed and James D. Filly dreadfully maimed. Burdo's eyes were blown out.

PORT JERVIS, N. Y., July 4.—As a national salute was being fired at sunrise this morning from a six-pounder Samuel Hasbrouck and Theodore Jarvis (colored) were fatally injured by a premature discharge of the gun while they were in the act of ramming home a charge.

HIGH-ART IN TEXAS.

The Bang-up-Style in Which a Religious Cantata was Produced in the Homicidal State, and the Bang-Bang Time that Followed it.

The cantata, the first ever gotten up at St. Killiad, Texas, was a sublime affair. Hobson Hall was filled at an early hour. During the opening chorus a strange noise was heard behind the stage, and the manager said that their Haman had accidentally shot himself while practicing with Mordecai, and Bill Briggs was substituted. Bill forthwith made his appearance, with pants stuck in his boots, in the most nonchalant manner, and began to call Mordecai a second-hand clothing-store and other pet names. I saw at once that Bill had the heart of the audience, for cries of "Go in Bill!" "Give it 'im!" came from every part of the house. I really think that Bill actually believed himself to be Haman, but he was finally coaxed from the stage by the muzzles of several shot guns, that were poked at him from the wings, and

AHASUERUS CAME ON.

"Bully for Ahaz!" yelled a boy in the gallery.

The Assyrian king stopped suddenly and looked up at the enthusiastic youth.

"See here," he said "this is a religious play, and decency has to be observed. That boy forgets that this is the state of Texas, and we're going to have order if we've got to get it with the pistol. I'm playing Ahasuerus just now, but after the show I'll be Sam Turner again, and if any man wants to see me them he can make his wants known."

The cantata proceeded, but I felt uneasy. I thought, for an Assyrian, Ahasuerus handled his revolver in a very careless manner; but somebody said it was natural. The king had hardly got securely seated when Haman rushed from one of the wings and said that he understood that two Mexicans were in the house, and that he "wouldn't play."

UNTIL THE GREASERS WERE PUT OUT.

A sacred concert shouldn't be spoiled by the presence of a couple of lousy Mexicans. His remarks were greeted with tumultuous applause, and a sudden tussle near the door followed. The next day the coroner held an inquest on the bodies of Rivo Goliad and St. Jose Miguel, two Mexicans who had displayed bad sense in attending a sacred concert in St. Killiad. After the tussle just referred to the cantata proceeded.

Mordecai wasn't the meek looking fellow I had expected to see. He was a six-foot chap, with a piratical mustache, who remarked to Haman in hearing of one-half the audience, that he was the "man eatin' alligator of Texas." He certainly in appearance bore out his remarks. He and Ahasuerus had several spirited interviews, and once, while Esther was singing for the king, Mordecai's revolver was accidentally discharged; but the bullet went up and did no damage except killing the boy who was overhead helping to

MANIPULATE THE SCENERY.

As the hanging of Haman approached I moved toward the door. From some side remarks which I heard Haman dropped on his downfall, I expected a lively time. I knew that Bill Briggs would not be seized without a desperate resistance, so I stopped. It came just as I expected. The king and his body guard made a rush for Haman, and the fun began. Bill got the dead drop everywhere. Bullets whistled through the auditorium but not a man moved except one red shirted fellow from Galveston, who jumped on the stage and knocked Ahasuerus down. The next morning I heard all this summed up as follows: Haman shot in the groin; Mordecai killed; Ahasuerus, nose broken and shot in the thigh; two Assyrian officers badly wounded; Queen Esther trampled—badly bruised. The St. Killiad Weekly Buckshot called it

one of the liveliest cantatas ever witnessed in the state, and hoped it would be repeated at an early day.

WEDLOCK'S WOES.

The Vastly Different Stories Told by Two Anxious Applicants for Release from Matrimonial Fetters.

Dr. Henry J. Phillips, a surgeon in the United States Army, has brought suit in the supreme court for divorce from his wife, Mrs. Caroline Phillips, on a charge of adultery. The case came before Judge Potter, in the supreme court chambers, on the 8th, on a motion on behalf of the defendant for alimony and counsel fee, Mr. J. P. Cowles representing Dr. Phillips and Mr. John D. Townsend Mrs. Phillips. In his complaint Dr. Phillips, after stating that they were married in Brooklyn, on the 13th of September, 1865, charges her with adultery with different parties at the St. Julien Hotel and Sturtevant House, in this city.

She says that her maiden name was Miss Caroline Cutler; that while living at Avon, in this state, she first met the plaintiff at an entertainment given February 27th, 1865, by her cousin, Colonel Julian McAllister; that he immediately commenced paying attentions to her; that in September following they were married; that when they were married he was a young physician of small practice, and through her influence she obtained his

APPOINTMENT AS SURGEON IN THE ARMY.

She says she went with him to California, Oregon, Alaska and all the various posts to which he was ordered; that they lived very harmoniously until in consequence of a disease of his eyes he became so nervous and irritable that it was impossible to live in any comfort with him, and that in one of his fits of nervous irritation he attempted to shoot her with a pistol, and, finally, on the 26th of January last abandoned her at the St. Julien Hotel, where they were boarding, and took a room by himself at the Grand Central Hotel. She says that although he was jealous, exacting and disingenuous, she managed for years by studying his peculiarities and yielding to them to hide his shortcomings from the world. She charges him with being a man of low tastes, and that while on duty in Alaska he made himself so conspicuous, through his attentions to a Russian servant girl in her employ, that charges were preferred against him of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman. She states that while she was visiting, her friends cast her circulated the most vile stories in regard to her and endeavored to procure a divorce without her knowledge, although meantime he was writing her most tender and loving letters. She denies most emphatically

THE CHARGE OF ADULTERY.

On the question of alimony and counsel fee she says he is worth \$20,000, besides receiving \$2,400 per annum salary as surgeon.

In his rejoinder Dr. Phillips says that he was appointed army surgeon wholly on his own merits. He denies in the most emphatic manner any attempt at violence with pistol or otherwise upon his wife, or having been guilty of the improprieties charged with a servant girl or any other person. He says his wife possesses a most ungovernable temper; that at times she uses most profane language and drinks intoxicating liquors to excess. His resume of his married life differs greatly from the narrative given by his wife. He charges her with gross improprieties at nearly every post at which they were stationed, and that in San Francisco, more particularly, her conduct was so notorious that she became the talk of the people. He denies having taken any previous steps to procure a divorce from her. Among other allegations he states that she cared nothing for their child, and on one occasion said she hoped she might never see the damned child again. He says that his only income outside of his pay as surgeon is \$300 a year, and that, on account of the impaired condition of his eyes, he expects soon to be put on the retired list at a reduced salary.

Judge Potter took the papers, reserving his decision.

A Successful Indian-Horse-Thief Hunt.

[Subject of Illustration.]

[Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.]

ALBANY, TEXAS, July 1.—Near Double Lakes, about 150 miles west of this place, a few days since, a band of Indians, numbering some thirty-four warriors, made a raid on Hensley's cow-camp, there situated, capturing all of the proprietor's horses. Hensley, however, procured horses, and, with six of his cow-boys, started in pursuit, overtaking the red-skinned thieves near Big Springs. A running fight then ensued, which was kept up with vigor and spirit on both sides, resulting finally, however, in the total defeat and retreat of the reds, after severe punishment at the hands of the cow-boys. The latter succeeded in capturing a number of horses from the Indians. Further trouble is anticipated from this gang of Indian marauders, who are Kiowas, and are known as Lone Wolf's band.

A Fatal Encounter.

In Newport, Ky., on the 6th, George Black was shot and almost instantly killed by William P. Parry. Black's father claimed the rent of the house occupied by Parry, and on the 5th removed a portion of Parry's goods from a shed in the yard. The following morning young Black was talking to a man who was joint occupant with Parry, when the latter ran toward him, firing upon him with a revolver, but without effect. Parry then retreated to his house, secured a shot-gun and fired upon Black, who was following him, sending thirty-two buck-shot into his head. Parry was arrested. Black served five years in Columbus penitentiary for robbing the United States Express Company, but since his release has lived an orderly life.

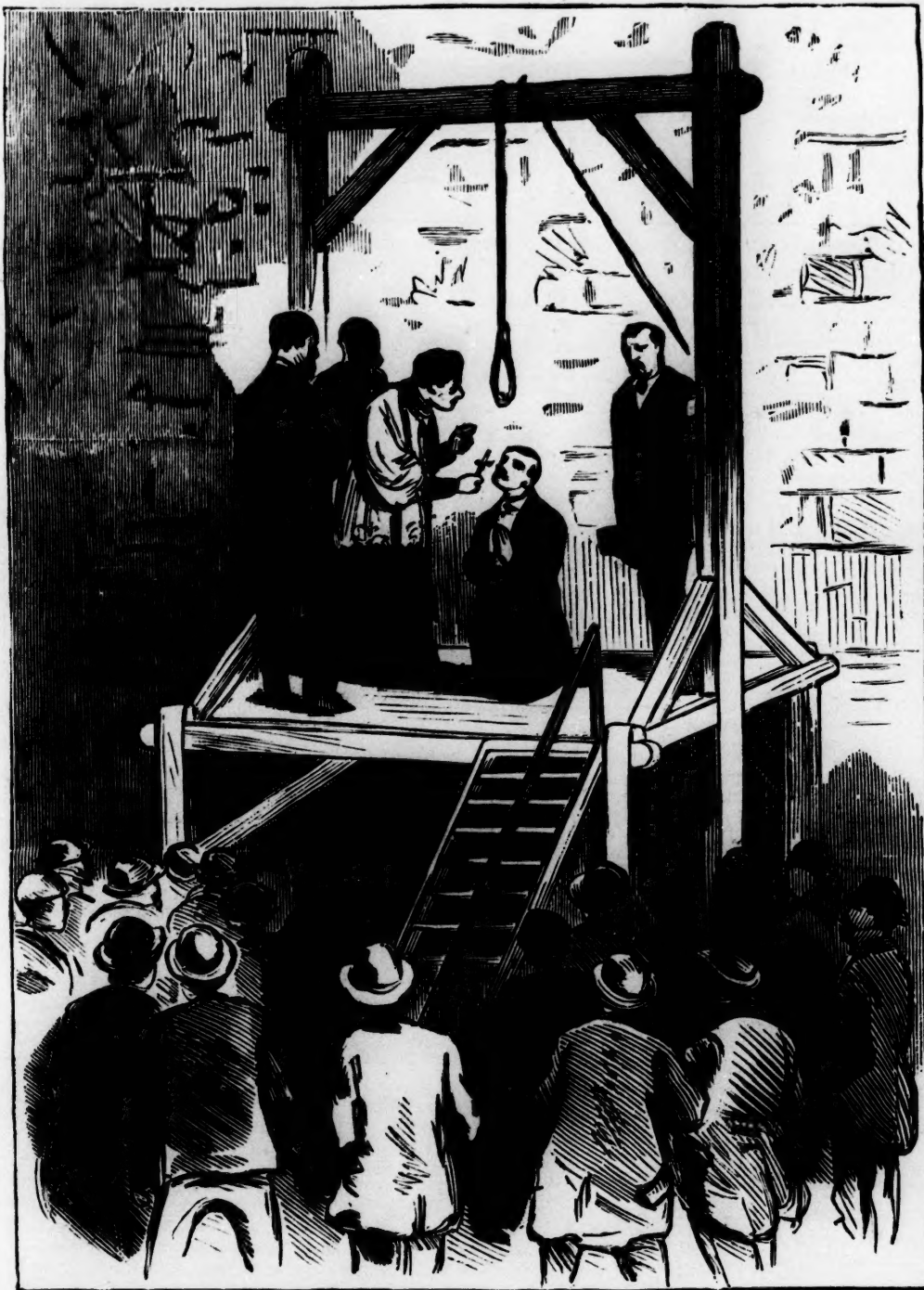
BUFFALO, N. Y., July 7.—Mrs. Heins who was shot by her husband with a revolver on Saturday afternoon, in the town of Alden, died from her wounds early this morning.



MARTIN SIMMONS, FATALLY SHOT JACOB HANSELL, THROUGH JEALOUSY, BURLTON, N. Y.



JACOB HANSELL, MURDERED BY HIS EMPLOYER, MARTIN SIMMONS, BURLTON, N. Y.



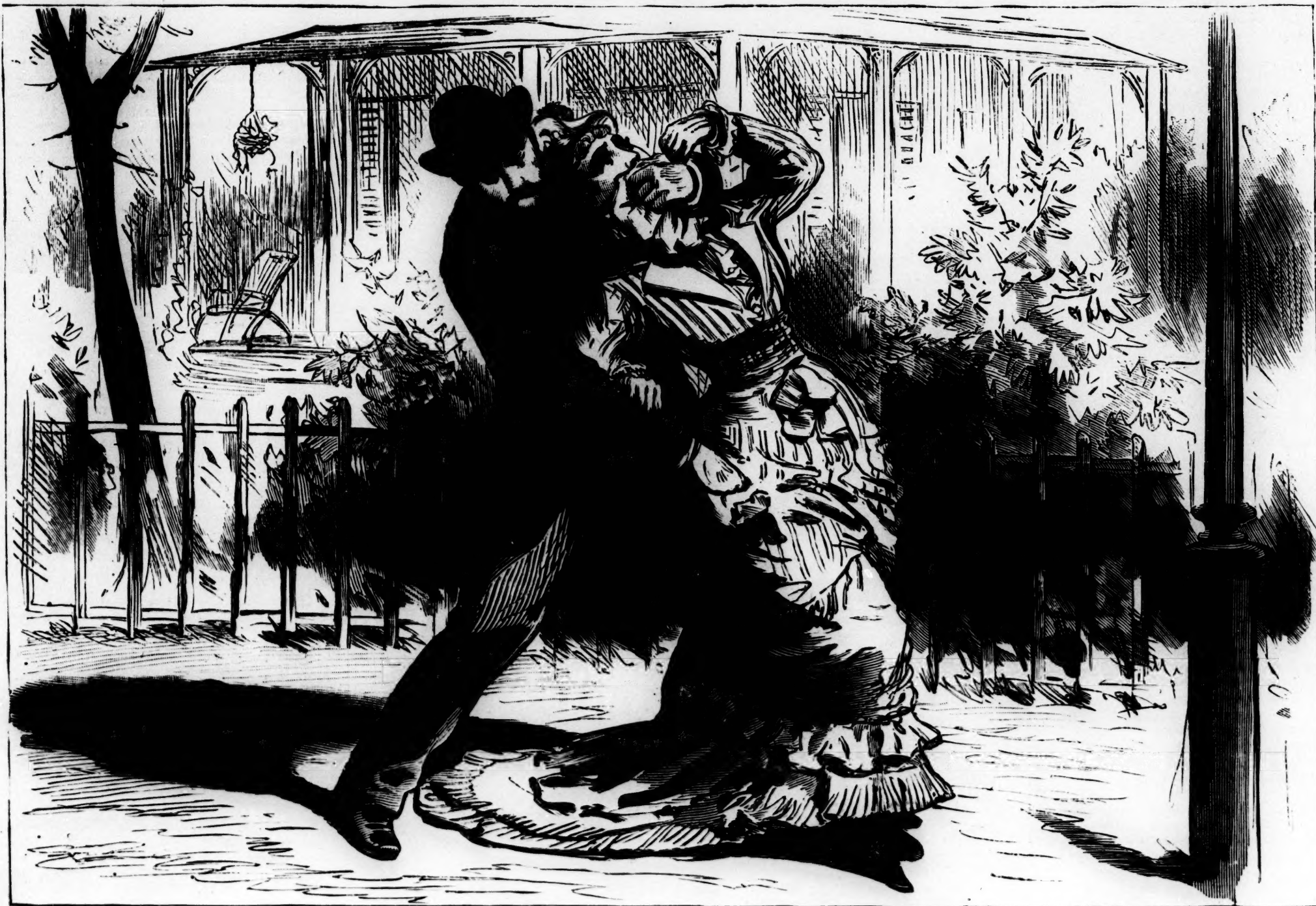
EXECUTION OF NIMROD SPATTENHUBER, AT LEBANON, PA., JULY 3, FOR THE MURDER OF JOHN IVISON, A RIVAL SUITOR FOR THE AFFECTIONS OF HIS MISTRESS.—[SPECIALLY SKETCHED FOR THE GAZETTE.—SEE PAGE 7.]



NIMROD SPATTENHUBER, EXECUTED AT LEBANON, PA., JULY 3, FOR THE MURDER OF JOHN IVISON.



MRS. JENNIE SIMMONS, THE ALLEGED CAUSE OF THE HANSELL MURDER.



AN AUDACIOUS THIEF'S EXPLOIT.—MRS. FULLER, A NEW YORK LADY, GARROTED, CHLOROFORMED AND ROBBED, IN BROAD DAYLIGHT, BY A DARING HIGHWAYMAN, ON ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL THOROUGHFARES OF MONTCLAIR, N. J.—SEE PAGE 5.

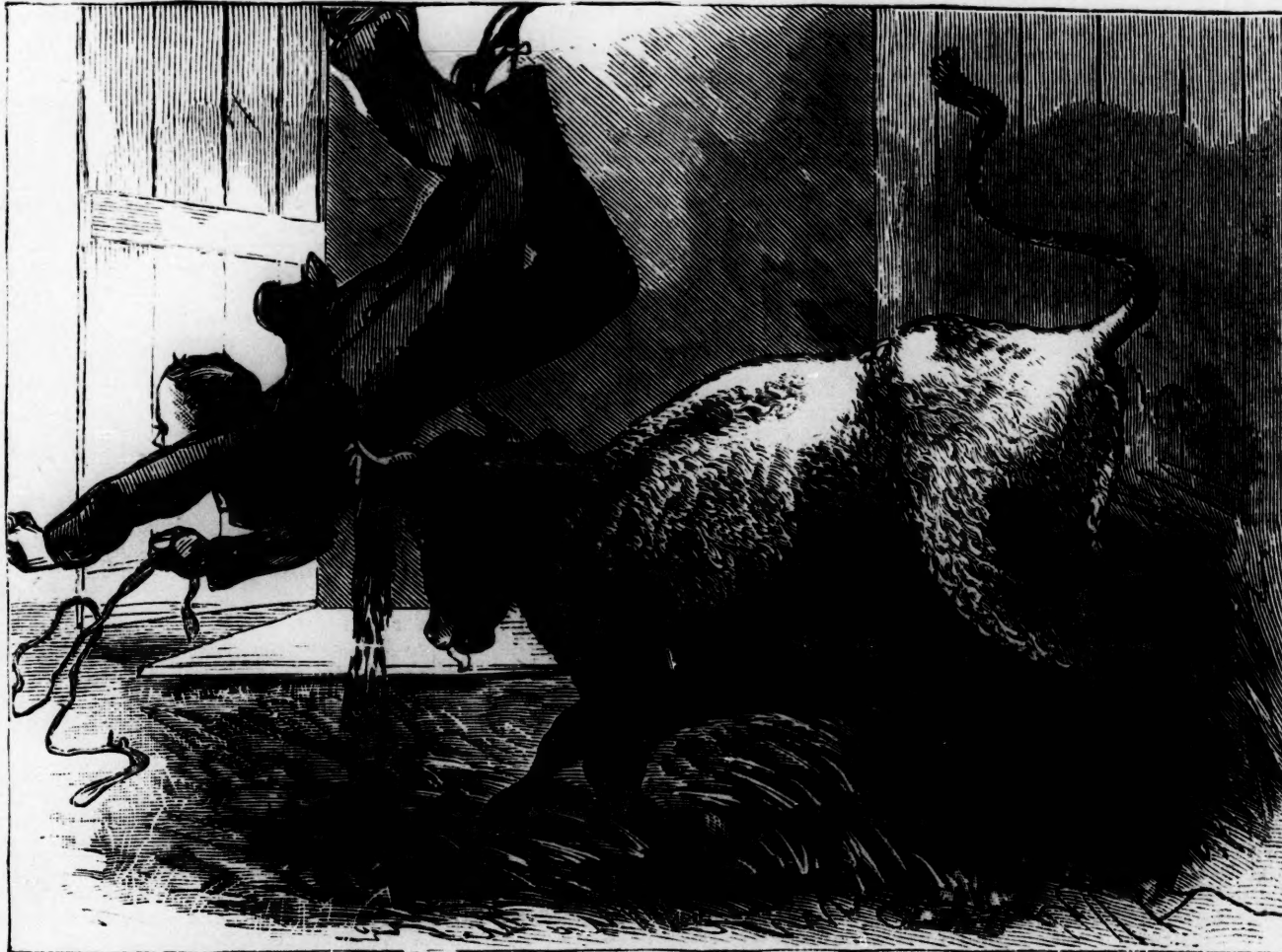
Horrible Antics of a Drunken Brute.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mrs. Catherine Manger, of 333 West Thirty-ninth street, died on Thursday night, 3rd inst., after many weeks' illness. She lay in a miserable room, almost destitute of furniture. Her husband, Leopold, was a drunkard, and had pawned everything for drink. For three years past a charitable friend, Jacob Becker of 314 West Thirty-eighth street had supplied her and her little boy, aged 12 years, with food. When Becker learned she was dead he purchased her a coffin, and other kind neighbors came in and laid the body out decently. Manger viewed their proceedings with a sullen discontent. He went away and drank all night, and in the morning was crazy with liquor. He returned to his rooms and found a number of people around his wife. Seizing an iron bar he attacked the mourners, and drove them in haste from the house. He then overthrew the coffin and tried to drag out his wife's body. The neighbors informed a policeman, who arrested Manger. He desired to make explanation in the Jefferson Market Police Court on the 5th inst. Justice Morgan said to him:

"You are a tough citizen, and I do not desire to hear anything more from you. Yesterday you seem to have had things pretty much your own way. Now it's my way. I'll send you to the Island for six months."

Mr. Becker said he would care



A BUTCHER'S TERRIBLE DEATH—HENRY WHITE, WHILE LEADING A BULL TO SLAUGHTER, IS ATTACKED BY THE INFURIATED BEAST AND FATALY GORED; WEST SOMERVILLE, MASS.

his haste he had carefully adjusted his attire but had forgotten his pants.

How Two Texan Friends Saluted.

The Virginia City, Nev., *Enterprise* stands sponsor for the following: Two men hailed each other from the opposite banks of a stream and exchanging greetings, many friendly questions were put and answered. The men were evidently delighted to meet each other, and their only regret appeared to be that they encountered one another in a place where it was impossible for them to clasp and shake hands, the river not being fordable on account of its swiftness and the rocky and treacherous nature of its channel, while the nearest bridge was five miles above. Both men lamented these unfortunate circumstances very much, but at length a way of getting over the difficulty suggested itself to one of them, whose pet name was "Broncho Bill."

"I say, Sam!" cried Broncho, "it's a little rough for old friends and neighbors to meet away out here, thousands of miles from home, and then have to part in this way. Got yer pistol with yer?"

"I hev!" cried Sam; "allers carry her."

"Good!" That's some comfort; ef we can't get across this yar stream to shake hands, why, thar's nothin' to prevent us from takin' a shot at each other. Jist ride up to yer left thar a rod or two. Thar, now, jist one good old neighborly home shot!"

The men rode aside, and bang! bang! went their pistols.

"Yer smashed the pummel of my saddle," cried Broncho; "yer see the hoss shied a little jist

as yer turned loose, or yer might a plumped me good."

"You done better, Bill; you got into the flesh of my left arm 'bout half an inch. Good morning to you, a safe journey to yer, and tell the folks at home we met and had a good, sociable time together!"

"Thank yer, and the same to you; bet I'll give 'em a good account of you."

Sam then turned to our friend and, with tears in his eyes, said: "God bless him! It is a great comfort to meet an old friend and neighbor like him away out here in this wilderness place. A kinder, more accommodative and agreeable gentleman, never lived. I wouldn't 'a missed seein' him for \$50!"

A Butcher's Tragic Fate.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Boston, July 1.—A shocking affair occurred at the slaughter house of Henry Gansenheiser, at West Somerville to-day. Henry White an employe, fifty years old, was leading a bull into the slaughter house with a rope around its horns, when the cord accidentally became loosened and the animal caught White below the navel with one of its horns and ripped his body completely open, causing instant death. White was a native of Holland. He had been here about eight years, and has no relatives in this country.

Wouldn't Take Water.

A party of young men traveling in Europe had among them a citizen of our great republic who was so thoroughly patriotic that he could see no excel-

lence in anything in the old world as compared with his own country. Mountains, water-falls, churches, monuments, scenery, and other objects of interest were inferior to what the United States could show. His companions became somewhat tired of his overweening boastfulness, and determined to "take him down a peg." The party spent a winter in Rome and one evening, having all things prepared, they induced their Yankee friend to join in a drinking bout, and so managed that they kept sober while he got gloriously drunk. Thereupon they took him into the catacombs, laid him carefully down, with a candle in reach, and retired a short distance out of sight to wait for developments.

After a while their friend roused up, having slept off his first drunken stupor, and, in a state of some astonishment, began endeavoring to locate himself, at the same time muttering: "Well—hic—this's little strange. Wonder—hic—where I am, anyway."

He got out his match, lighted his candle, and began to study his surroundings. On each side were shelves piled with grinning skulls, and niches filled with skeletons, while all about were piled legs, arms, ribs and vertebrae—a ghastly array, and altogether new to him. He nodded to the skulls on one side with a drunken "how d'ye do—hic?" and on the other with "how d'ye feel—hic—anyway?" took a look at his watch, and once more at his surroundings, got on his feet, took off his hat, and holding it above his



B. P. MORTON, A HIGH-TONED, EXPERT BURGLAR, OF CHICAGO.

for the boy, who feared his father.

Forgot His Pants.

The Gainesville, Ga., *Eagle* relates the following instance of absence of mind:

One of the handsomest and best dressed gentlemen in the city is a worthy merchant, whose personal care of himself and his addiction to fine living have procured him a rotundity which, while it detracts nothing from his good looks, utterly conceals from his own inspection his extremities. This circumstance was on Friday morning the occasion of, to him, a mortifying exposure, while others looked upon it as an amusing spectacle. Before breakfast he invariably takes a morning walk, and his urbanity and polite recognition are looked for by early pedestrians with pleasure.

Dressing himself therefore with great care, he sailed out, but, strange to say, every one he met turned their heads and laughed, and some ladies from the gallery of a residence over the way ran screaming into the house.

What did it mean?

At last he met a little boy whose immoderate laughter drew from him the indignant inquiry:

"What do you see about me, you little scoundrel, that everybody laugh at?"

"Why Mr. D—, you've forgotten to put on your pants."

Overwhelmed with shame the gentleman hurried home and eagerly sought out the mirror. In



LEOPOLD MANGER'S DISGUSTING BRUTALITY OVER THE CORPSE OF HIS MUCH-ABUSED WIFE.—HE SAVAGELY ATTACKS THE SYMPATHIZING NEIGHBORS WITH AN IRON BAR AND TRIES TO DRAG THE BODY FROM THE COFFIN; NEW YORK CITY.



MRS. POTTS, THE "WALKING WIDOW"; CHAMPION LONG DISTANCE PEDESTRIAN.

head, remarked, loud enough for his friends to hear: "'S all right; 's—hic—all right. Morning of the resurrection, by jingo!—hic. First man on the ground—'rah for the United States! Allers ahead. 'Rah for me specially.'"

A Shrewd Russian Conspiracy.

The house at Kherson, in Russia, from which a subterranean passage was effected into the Government buildings, had been taken by Mme. Nikitina, apparently a lady of rank. A day before the Government buildings were broken into and the money stolen, two bricklayers were engaged by Mme. Nikitina to carry out some repairs. When the theft was discovered the whole party were gone. This is what has been allowed to transpire; however, as the man subsequently arrested as an accomplice was conducted through the streets with his features concealed by a towel, the current version is disbelieved and the wildest rumors are afloat. Some speak of official embezzlement, and others point out the Nihilists as the guilty parties.

A daughter of the Duke de Persigny has sued for a divorce from her husband, De Cheveries, in Paris. On their wedding tour he attempted to strike her, and pulled her hair. When intoxicated he threw her watch out of the window. He declared that she deserved to be flogged, and that his father would rise in his tomb did he know that he contracted such a marriage.

LEFT HER HOME;

OR,

The Trials and Temptations of a Poor Girl.

BY BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG, ESQ.

("JACK HARKAWAY.")

["Left Her Home," was commenced in No. 86. Back numbers can be obtained of any News Agent, or direct from the Publisher.]

[Written expressly for THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.]

CHAPTER VII.

(Continued.)

"Yes, my sister-in-law, Mrs. Fleming, told me so, several hours ago, and has been here again urging me to help in the search for her, but I don't see what I can do, you know I am tied to the theatre night and day."

"I think you can help me materially. Did Miss King have any gentlemen hanging after her, outsiders I mean?"

"Not that I know of, but I will ask Blake," and he turned to the old doorkeeper, and put the question.

"Never that I see anything of," said the doorkeeper, "but stop, now I think of it, there was a gentleman spoke to her to-day, and he walked up the street with her."

"What was he like?" queried Steers.
"He was a medium-sized, rather good-looking young man," replied Blake, very well dressed; oh, an' I remember he wore a queer scarf pin, a lizard or alligator, or some such insect made of gold, with red stones for eyes."

"That's a point worth knowing," said Steers, making a note of the fact. "I guess that's all that I can find out here. Much obliged, Blake, your information may be very useful. Come, Marks, I see you're getting impatient for that beer, come along and I'll fill you up as we go up town."

"What are you going to do now," asked Marks, as they walked up Broadway.

"Oh, merely to scout around a little, that's all; I think I've got a clue, and I want to work it up; will you go along?"

"For an hour or two."

"All right, we'll take a car then, my game is not to be found in this quarter."

And together they rode up to Thirty-fourth street and Broadway.

"What are you going to do next?" asked Marks, as they alighted from the car.

"Take a drink."

"And then?"

"Then I'm going to look for a scoundrel."

For an hour or more Steers led his mystified companion up and down the avenue, in and out of saloons and gambling houses, and visited several more questionable resorts, but except that it enabled Marks to arrive at a state of blissful inebriety, the search seemed without result.

"I guess it's no use for us to look any further to-night, Marks," Frank said at last, "we'll walk back to Parker's and take a parting drink, and then you may retire to your virtuous couch, while I try another lay."

Accordingly they returned to the saloon from which they had started, and were just entering the doorway when Steers noticed two men standing in the deep shadow of an adjoining building.

He entered the saloon, and telling Marks to wait for him, immediately retraced his steps, returned to the sidewalk, and walked slowly past the point where the men were standing.

"I thought so," he muttered, under his breath. "I'm on the track; that's Star Varnum and no mistake, and the fellow with him answers very well to Blake's description of the stranger."

Steers walked on to the corner, then turned and came back; noticing that Aarnum was smoking he approached and asked him for a light.

His request was courteously acceded to, and by the dull, red glow of the glowing cigar he saw that one of the men wore a scarf pin of burnished gold in the shape of an iguana lizard, with small rubies for eyes.

Thanking Varnum, for it was he, Steers walked back to the bar-room, and after starting Marks on his homeward way; took up a position by one of the ornamental pillars at the entrance where he could watch the two confederates.

Presently they started down the avenue, and the sharp-eyed amateur detective followed them at a safe distance.

He saw them enter a house on Sixth avenue, and the brightly-lighted windows of the third floor soon showed him their forms in silhouette. There were other forms too, those of two women, and the watcher chuckled to himself.

"Run to earth, I guess," said Steers mentally, "but I must make sure."

And he seated himself on a convenient hydrant and watched until the lights went out and the lateness of the hour convinced him that it was useless to remain longer.

Stepping under a gas lamp he made a few entries in his note-book, and then boarded a car, and journeyed downtown.

If he had known how near he was to the missing girl, he would hardly have left the place without further investigation; but at present he had a suspicion, nothing more, and, having constructed a theory, was, after the usual fashion of investigators in general, determined to work it out in his own way. This resolution was fraught with momentous results had he known it. But they were left for time to evolve.

Reaching the dismal-looking lodging-house which he called his home, Steers mounted the long stairways until he reached a large room on the attic floor, and turned in to dream of villains and abductions, maidens fair and wily seducers, and a host of revolting adventures, in which he seemed to bear a prominent part.

CHAPTER VIII.

FOUND AND LOST.

The following morning Steers reached the house in which Robert Carter resided, at an early hour.

He found the invalid vainly endeavoring to eat the breakfast which Mrs. Fleming had carefully prepared for him, his swollen eyes and fevered cheeks speaking plainly enough of a sleepless night.

Robert looked up eagerly at his friend as the latter entered and said—

"I'm so glad to see you, Frank; what have you done? Have you found her? Is there any news of her?"

"No news exactly, Bob, but I think I'm on the track," and he rapidly recounted the result of his search of the previous night.

"Why didn't you force your way into the house, Frank?" exclaimed Robert, excitedly, "she may be kept there a prisoner by that villain. Let us go to her at once."

"Well you see, Bob, I wasn't sure that the lady was there and if it had all proved to be a mistake I'd have struck rather a bad racket. Besides, if Varnum had the girl, it

wouldn't do to give him the alarm before we are ready to act. If Fanny is there she isn't a prisoner, I'm sure, for the windows were all open, and she's certainly got pluck enough to call for help if she needed it."

"We must go there at once," repeated Robert, paying but little attention to his friend's explanation. "Get me my hat and coat please, Mrs. Fleming."

"Now, Mr. Carter," said that good woman, "you know you can't go out this morning. The doctor will be here to dress your wound at eleven o'clock, and you must see him. It looked very much inflamed when I changed the bandages last night, and I'm sure it must be worse now. Do persuade him, Mr. Steers; he's endangering his life by his recklessness."

"Mrs. Fleming is right, Bob," urged Steers; "wait until the doctor comes, and in the meantime take a glass of brandy and try to eat some breakfast. You must brace up, old fellow, or you won't be worth a cent. I'll call for you at twelve, and we'll soon see what Mr. Varnum's little game is."

Finding himself compelled to accede to this proposition, Robert did so, but with a very bad grace, and passed the remaining hours of the forenoon in a state of feverish impatience.

The doctor came and went, twelve o'clock struck, then one and two, but Frank Steers did not make his appearance.

At last, at nearly three o'clock, as Robert had about determined to start out alone, he arrived in haste, and, scarcely stopping to apologize for his delay, hurried Carter into the street.

"We'll take a car and go right up, Bob," he said, and it was not until they were seated in the car that he explained his late arrival.

"I've been about your business this morning, that's what made me so late. You see, I had to go down to Whitehall to get some facts about a supposed case of suicide, and was walking leisurely up the street, on my way back, when a carriage passed me going towards the ferry. It was driven very rapidly. I only caught a glimpse, but I recognized the fellow I saw with Star Varnum last night, and he had a lady with him. I couldn't see her face, but I thought I'd better follow the thing up, so I pelted after it. They drove on the Hamilton avenue ferry boat, and I followed. I tried to get a look at the lady, but it was no use. She had a thick blue veil tied all over her head, and I couldn't tell whether she was white or black. The man I recognized at once, and I'm afraid he must suspect me, for he kept his eyes on me all the time I was on the boat. When we reached Brooklyn the carriage drove off very fast up the avenue. I chartered a rickety coupe and followed. By dint of alternately swearing at and bribing the driver I managed to keep them in sight until we got in the neighborhood of Greenwood. Then the off-road wheel of my rattletrap struck a snag of some sort and we broke down, and the other party were out of sight in no time. There was nothing for it but to give it up and come back, and here I am."

"What do you think? Could it have been Fanny?"

"I don't think at all; we'll probably know in ten minutes' time. We get out here."

They entered the house without difficulty, finding the front door open, and proceeded at once to the third floor, but repeated knocks at the various doors failed of any response, except to bring forth a woman on the floor below, who informed them that the lady who occupied the third floor had gone out.

"What is her name, madam?" inquired Frank.

"Miss Cameron, sir."

"We're on the right track," exclaimed Robert Carter, with excitement, "it's Lizzie Cameron, Fanny's particular friend, who used to work in the store with her. We'll find her, Frank; we'll find her," and the poor fellow reeled and almost fell from the combined effect of emotion and physical weakness.

"Come," said Steers, taking him by the arm. "Control yourself until we are alone."

They left the house and went to a small beer saloon directly opposite, from which they could watch the door of Lizzie's dwelling.

Nearly two hours elapsed before their patience was rewarded. Then they saw the man whom Steers had seen with Varnum, and who was, of course, Joe Jackson, walking up the street accompanied by a lady.

"That is Lizzie Cameron," said Robert, "and that fellow with her is a sort of hanger-on of Varnum's. His name is Jackson, I believe. Does that look like the lady you saw in the carriage?"

"This one seems about the same size, but I couldn't form any idea except from that."

"We will soon know," said Carter.

Waiting for a few minutes, until Jackson and Lizzie had time to reach her apartments, the two friends again entered the house.

This time their knock at the door was quickly answered by Lizzie Cameron, who turned pale as she recognized Carter, and hesitatingly asked them to walk in.

"Where is Fanny King, Miss Cameron?" asked Robert sternly, refusing her proffered offer of a chair.

"I—don't—know," stammered Lizzie, casting a half frightened glance at Jackson, who was fidgetting uneasily in the background.

"You do know and you shall tell me, by heaven," exclaimed Robert.

"Never contradict a lady, sir," said Jackson, coming forward with a blustering air, "it isn't polite, and I shall be under the disagreeable necessity of throwing you out of the window if you attempt any violence here."

"Hold hard, young man," said Frank Steers, turning up the lapel of his coat enough to show a badge, at sight of which Mr. Jackson suddenly collapsed into a chair.

"And you, Robert, be calm and sit down while I ask the young lady a few questions."

"Now, miss," he continued when Robert had complied with his request, "attend to me please. Miss King left the theatre in company with your friend here, Mr. Jackson, I believe, who is known to me as an intimate of Star Varnum, who has for some time pursued the lady with a dishonorable suit. I know that Varnum and this person, yourself and Miss King, all passed last night in these rooms, therefore it is useless for you to pretend ignorance, and it may be the worse for you if you attempt deception."

"Why don't you tell him, Lizzie?" broke in Jackson.

"What the devil difference can it make now, as long as she's married?"

"Married?" exclaimed both Carter and Steers in a breath.

"Yes, married, if you will have it," said Lizzie, spitefully. "She can't never be nothing to you, and I don't see what you want to come after her for."

"You say she is married?" cried Robert in a trembling voice. "It is false. She has been betrayed. To whom, woman?"

"To Mr. Star Varnum."

"There has been some treachery here, if what you say is true. When were they married, and by whom?"

Last evening, in this room, by the Reverend Thomas Luyster. Witnesses, Miss Lizzie Cameron and Mr. Joseph Jackson," replied Lizzie in a mocking tone. "Perhaps you'd like to see the certificate."

"Let me see it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM.

Chastine Cox, the Dandy Tragedian who Did Othello's Pillow Act.

HIS LIFE IN THE TOMBS.

A Short List of other Murders Committed by Colored Men and Women.

DARK PAGES OF HISTORY.

BY PAUL PROWLER.

[Written expressly for THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

Of course I have been to the Tombs to see Chastine Cox, the kind, considerate, gentle negro assassin, who didn't wish to hurt "the lady," but only wanted her jewelry. The GAZETTE has had the best picture of him, and it is not necessary for me to describe his facial peculiarities.

He is not a bad-looking nigger, and yet at the same time his is not the face to inspire one with confidence. He is entirely too gentle, too duet in his tones, too simpering.

I gave him a cigar—the usual thing to do, but only talked a moment or so with him. Outside of the subject of personal adornment his mind is a vacuum. Not the least remarkable thing about him is the strong undercurrent of religious feeling he manifests.

It will be remembered that he was listening to a sermon on Hell when he was arrested. And they preach that kind of sermons pretty strong in Boston.

A friend of mine, who can jest on such subjects told me that Cox was probably anticipating his approaching journey to the other world, and dropped into the church to get points, just as a man studies the map of the country he is bound for.

Perhaps it is on the same principle that he drinks boiling water. There is nothing like being accustomed to one brand of article where another is impossible.

Cox is in cell No. 38, at the head of the stairs on the second tier. At this writing a light mulatto is with him, the third or fourth companion he has had. None of them take kindly to him, and are only too anxious to get into other company.

The first negro asked to be put somewhere else after one night spent in the murderer's society, and another plead guilty, which he did not intend to do, in order to have his quarters changed to the penitentiary cell.

Not being able to read, Cox finds time hang very heavy on his hands. His great amusement consists in cutting pictures out of illustrated newspapers. Those bearing upon his own case are his favorites, and he has quite a collection. At first he was chatty and cheerful, but his mood has changed ever since the phrenological frauds smeared him all over with plaster of Paris, and made a cast of his head.

First his head—then his neck. Such is the course of the assassin.

I think that aristocratic, wealthy woman, who occupies such a fine residence on the Hudson, and who took the trouble to drive down to the Tombs and have all the negroes paraded in order that she might pick out Cox as the one who tried to steal her diamonds three or four years ago—I think that woman one of the class who have too much leisure. She should really get something to employ her mind.

Mind you, the theft wasn't committed, only attempted. After some years a negro stands a self-confessed assassin, and my lady harnesses up to make a show of herself by indulging in an examination, which takes up the time of the prison officials, and cannot possibly amount to anything.

Who cares whether Cox ever tried to steal her diamonds, or not.

But you can do anything if you have money, and a fine place on the Hudson, even to making a fool of yourself.

This dandy tragedian, who so successfully imitated the Shakespearian dark Othello in the famous smothering scene, suggested to me several other negro murderers, and I thought it wouldn't be a bad idea to look up the brunette butchers who have figured in New York. So I went to work and present to my readers the result of the investigation. It shows that even while oppressed and downtrodden the negro was always free, especially free, and equal, in the use of knife, club, and pistol.

We find the negroes beginning to be bloodily active in this city as early as 1713, 1740-41, when a series of extensive riots were indulged in. Citizens patrolled the streets, and relieved each other in sentinel duty during the night. The negroes charged with participation were chained to a stake and burned to death in a valley between Windmill Hill (site of the old Chatham Theatre) and Pot Bakers Hill, midway between Pearl and Barclay streets, where public executions were performed for some years after. Carson, a negro, was hanged in chains on a gibbet at the southeast corner of the old powder-house in Magazine street. At this time there was much excitement, and the shores of the Collect Pond, where the Tombs now stands, were continually thronged by those who wished to observe the executions.

In 1816 Ishmael Frazer, a colored man, and Diana Sillock, were hanged on a gallows at the intersection of Bleeker and Mercer streets, for arson and murder respectively.

In 1820 Rose Butler, negress, was executed for arson in Potter's Field, near Washington Square. She was the last person hanged in this county for that crime.

Catharine Coshear, a black woman, was hanged on the northern end of Blackwell's Island, May 7th, 1823, for the murder of Susan Saltus.

During the revolution, when the British forces were quartered in New York, and loyalist prisoners were turned over to the gentle Cunningham, the hangman was a negro named Richmond. I mention him as hangman instead of immortalizing him as being hanged, because many of the executions he performed were in themselves cases of the purest murder. It was this beast who turned off Nathan Hale.

Felix Sanchez, a handsome mulatto, got to the Tombs for murdering his father-in-law. Felix was but twenty-five years of age, and a native of Cuba. At the time of his victim's death he was employed as porter by a firm at Broadway and Broome streets.

While Sanchez was quarreling with his wife the old gentleman was foolish enough to get in the way. The hot-blooded Cuban whipped out a knife and buried it in the body of his aged relative by marriage.

He was committed to the Tombs, and after considerable delay was tried, convicted and sentenced to be hanged.

While his case was being appealed Sanchez and a wife-murderer named Stephens, in an adjoining cell, plotted to escape, but their design was discovered in time to frustrate it.

While Sanchez's case was pending before the court of appeals the people were greatly excited over the trial of

the beautiful Mrs. Hartung for the murder of her husband in the upper part of the state.

The legislature altered the law relating to the punishment for capital offenses, abolishing the death penalty, and substituting imprisonment for life. It has been intimated that this was done for the purpose of saving Mrs. Hartung, the ferling against hanging a woman being very strong.

At the next session of the legislature, the law was again altered—the culprit to be sentenced to state prison for one year and then hanged. Since then the law has been again changed, and the one formerly in force, virtually re-enacted.

In the meantime Sanchez was lying in the city prison awaiting the issue of his case before the court of appeals, which at length decided against him; but owing to some defect in the law the court decided that the death penalty could not in this case be inflicted, and the prisoner was to be taken down to court for the purpose of getting his discharge.

A few days previous Sanchez stabbed a man in the prison, who was taking his food to him. The warden made a charge against him, he was accordingly tried, convicted and sentenced to five years in state prison.

While in state prison Sanchez became insane and was transferred to the state lunatic asylum where he remained for the remainder of his term, at the expiration of which he was sent to the lunatic asylum on Blackwell's Island.

The plot to escape from the Tombs was disclosed to the warden about two weeks before Mr. Stephens "jumped down the rope," as the flippant western reporter puts it. Mr. Stephens was a car and coach builder who had made the singular mistake of imagining that arsenic would improve his wife's tea.

Now we all know that arsenic makes tea unfit to drink.

On a Sunday morning a man came to the Tombs and requested an interview with the warden. He said he had been to visit Stephens and was acquainted with the latter's intention to baffle the law by escaping. He stated that Stephens had two pistols, one for himself and one for his mulatto accomplice.

On the following morning the cell of Stephens was examined, resulting in finding that a large hole had been made in the wall over the head of the bed. It was concealed by articles piled on a shelf. No pistols could be found.

On the Monday following Sanchez sent for the warden, and handed to him one of the pistols, showing at the same time excavations he had made in his wall to meet Stephens's tunnelling. The second pistol was taken from the person of the wife-murderer after a severe struggle.

Five years ago on the 15th day of September, occurred that shocking murder of the Jew peddler in the Westchester woods, near the old Boston road. Three negroes did it, and the three were hanged in the Tombs yard in the most bungling manner.

One of them was literally hanged twice, and I, who stood in the crowd of bum-bailiffs, sheriffs' officers, newspaper people and morbid spectators generally, can still hear his throttled yells and see his kicking, writhing figure.

Those were common niggers, real, low Thompson street trash, and should not be compared with the Othello-like Cox. They went for the peddler with clubs and stones, and fought like wolves over the division of the spoils found in his pocket. No gentleness there, no softly spoken words such as Cox used when he leaned down over his victim and said:

"Be quiet. It's the doctor."

Cox is by all odds the noblest representative of the black assassin that the Tombs has ever held. No other "dark" was ever so particular about his linen, or the exactness of the part of his glossy hair. Miss Bella Johnson, his Bleeker street flame, evidences also his poetic and esthetic tastes. I was at the coroner's inquest and had a good look at Bella. She is a very comely wench, was elegantly dressed and seemed the pink of propriety.

Cox evidently thought her one of the pinks of impropriety.

His incarceration has stirred up the greatest agitation among the colored theologians of the city. In his statement Cox speaks of having been a worshipper in the Waverley Place Church, which is the *temple de la creme*. You can get a good article of colored religion at other places, but after all is said and done it must be admitted that the Waverley Place Tabernacle has the belt. I can take my affidavit that I never saw better behaved or more stylishly dressed men and women than its congregation enter the portals of any sanctuary.

Some of them have been writing to the papers arguing that Cox couldn't have had the extreme Waverley place touch or he would never have done what he did, and prophesying pretty clearly that it will be exceedingly tropical for him in the land to come.

All of which must be comfortable for the occupant of cell No. 38.

As I stood watching him the other day I fell to wondering what a fool he has proven himself. There never was a murder committed, from the Abel and Cain affair down to last Thursday's and Friday's events, where the assassin did all the conviction.

Suppose he had said:

"I found the jewelry in a package."

"A man gave it to me."

He would be merely a vague accessory after the fact, and the police would not have been robbed of their theory. I see they are trying to revenge themselves by hanging on to Dr. Hull's electrical apparatus.

It is needed by a force that is always trying experiments.

Whether the Theological Seminary assassination will be traced to a negro remains to be seen. Detective Tim Golden, who believed from the first that the Forty-second street tragedy was the deed of a "coon," has been detailed to work it up, and before these lines reach the reader's eye the police may either have discovered the scoundrel themselves, which would certainly be a remarkable occurrence, or another obliging reporter may have run him down.

We are evidently going to have a good murder season clear through, and since the bloody work must needs be done, I respectfully call the attention of the killers to Mr. Chastine Cox as the Chesterfieldian operator. His neatness in dress, his abstention from strong drinks, his sweet, low voice—all should be emulated. He will have a hard time to escape the supreme punishment, since his fix is worse than if he had brutally committed a premeditated butchery. His crime was killing during midnight robbery.

I wish him luck and justice at the same time.

Personally I agree with Victor Hugo, that capital punishment should be abolished.

But I also agree with Alphonse Karr, that the murderers should first set the example.

At a candy factory in St. Louis, Mo., on the 7th, William C. Reeves fired four shots at his wife, every ball taking effect. Reeves and his wife were employed in the factory and were eating dinner together when the shooting was done. They were alone and no one heard them quarrel. Reeves gave himself up to the police, but refused to make any statement.

CITY CHARACTERS.

THE TOMBS SHYSTER.

A Legal Light Who is Extremely Handy Sometimes.

BY COLONEL LYNX.

[Written expressly for the POLICE GAZETTE.]

The world at large has got a wrong impression of my friend the "Tombs Shyster," for it is by that opprobrious epithet that the world at large characterizes all those gentlemen of the legal profession, whose business it is to appear in the Tombs Police Court and the Court of Special Sessions, as the counsel of citizens who have been brought to those unsavory precincts by business partly, and partly by the policeman.

I will be understood therefore, as using the term simply for the purpose of indicating the class better than I could otherwise, and then of defending them, and showing how a vulgar catch-phrase sometimes encompasses men of the most stolid respectability.

It is a matter of regret that in the past there were a numerous body of men who did not hold as much law as they steadily did whisky, whose presence and practice in and about the Tombs, gave rise to the term that has become so illogically cant since. These red-nosed and seedy guerrillas attached to the outskirts of the legal camp, have but one or two representatives in the present. We have changed matters before the bench as they have been changed on it. At one time any prominent fire laddie who carried his district with his tobacco in his pocket could be a civil and police magistrate, but a period has arrived when even the judges are expected to know something of the law.

And what has been made obligatory as to the petit benches, has naturally become the rule among the force of pleaders.

But before the "Shyster" dies out entirely, before his form so indistinguishable from that of the prisoner fades forever from the canvas of events, let us catch his rough picture.

He is certainly a member of the bar on the corner, where he takes gin and sugar invariably, and his office is in the corner of the drinking place in question, where the window-sill serves for desk, and an upturned beer keg is his seat. His library is in his head, which he frequently scratches as if legal lore and other matter were happily assimilating.

The coat is buttoned to the throat always—a coat with the appearance of having fallen into a vat of stove polish, and the most candid man in the world cannot help believing that the rush of business which always seems to occupy the counselor's mind constantly prevents him putting on a shirt.

If by chance he should be invited home to spend the night with any legal dignitary or wealthy client, it is probable that being an early and noiseless riser he might turn up next morning with a shirt. It wouldn't necessarily follow however, that the dignitary or client would possess one, unless they were opulent in shirts, in his turn.

Pantalons of the shyster are baggy and raveled, but so are Gladstone's, and the hat is always like an English rebel—constantly in the act of seceding from the crown. Through apertures thus made the forensic iron gray hair of the learned man waves like a warrior's plume, while his eye glitters like an eagle's when there is a movement in the bar which presages the intention of somebody to "set 'em up."

The natural query, and it was mine the first time I studied the species, is, how in the name of Blackstone, and Chitty on Evidence, and Stevens on Pleading, and Coke upon Lyttleton, did the man ever get within the domain of the law?

The explanation is an easy one. He was admitted in those free and easy days when Dowling was on the bench. At that time law was not so abstruse as it is now. The examining board took a kindly interest in seeing that you got through, and if it was near time to take a drink the questions were very few and simple.

To one gentleman who is now practicing, the following was propounded at a time when Boss Tweed held sway: "What course would you pursue had you a claim against the city which the controller wouldn't allow?"

"I'd go and see the old man" (Tweed), was the prompt and successful answer, which was greeted with a shout of laughter. Then the board went over to Delmonico's, Chambers street and Broadway, and had four or five small bottles.

No wonder that men who didn't know any more about a law-book than that it was a yellow volume with a red label were admitted to the bar.

How does our friend get his clients? It's the simplest thing in the world. He sees an arrest afar off, and like the vulture who detects carrion, makes his way to the Tombs. The man with the battered head is produced at the rail. The counselor sidles up to him.

"Got any money?"

"Got fifteen cents."

"That'll do. I'll defend you. What's your name?"

Our friend takes the money, and when the case is called he certainly earns it by making a vigorous and eloquent plea that ought to fetch a dollar. But the dollar cases are scarce. When the prisoner is acquitted or dragged below the counselor goes over the way to his office, and lays in ten cents worth of beverage. Then, if it is Special Session's day, he gallantly returns to the Egyptian edifice and prepares to defend those clients he has already picked up, or to lay for others.

When he gets a chance to make a set speech before their honors, he is in his glory. Frequently he rises to heights of rhetorical flourish that would be utterly impossible were it not for the gin, and at cross-examinations he is as withering as a prairie fire, and as incisive as a rapier.

"Now is it not so, sir," he will thunder to the witness,

"that you know you are a liar and a thief?"

"It is not," the witness meekly replies.

"Sit down, sir." Then turning proudly to the bench he begins his peroration. The defendant gets six months.

Go outside and you will see the pleader talking to the

tearful wife. You listen and catch a conversation like this.

"No money?"

"Not a cent."

"I call that swindling madam, I didn't take your husband on speculation. I wouldn't make that speech again for less than a dollar and a half. I had one of the judges in tears. What have you got at home?"

"There's the parlor stove?"

"Stove, eh. Well, I'll come around and look at it."

Of course he goes, and seizes the stove, which the junkman turns into money. We all know what the counselor turns it into.

It isn't a roseate sort of life, and its end is as distressing as it is inevitable. Some morning the counselor will appear as a blue-eyed, broken prisoner, a sudden mass picked up in the gutter.

For the honor of the profession a brother shyster will defend him, and even stand the drinks. Then a new grave in Potter's Field. And a deserted beer keg in the saloon.

VICE'S VARIETIES.

JOSEPH A. BLAIR, held for the murder of John Armstrong, his coachman, in Montclair, N. J., was admitted to bail in \$10,000 on the 5th, on giving security for which he was released.

In the fourth district court, in San Francisco, Cal., on the 9th, Dr. Samuel P. Chalfant pleaded not guilty to the murder of Josiah Bacon in the Baldwin Hotel. The court ordered a commission to take evidence in the eastern states.

In Oswego, N. Y., on the 7th, Margaret Taralle, aged thirty, married, but deserted by her husband, broke into a grocery, stole \$25 in money, and also cigars, oranges, lemons and a bottle of gin. She was barefooted, and was tracked to a tan-yard, where she hid the plunder.

On the 4th, Mrs. Samuel Bergy, of Freeport, Mich., shot and instantly killed two of her children, fatally wounded another, and then shot herself. She is presumed to have been insane, as evidence of insanity was discovered some time since in her attempt to murder her brother with a carving-knife.

At Edgington, Ill., on the 9th, Leo Robbins shot and instantly killed his sister, aged twenty years, and then shot himself, inflicting fatal wounds. Miss Robbins was to have been married that day. Her brother had been trying to prevent the marriage, but she refused to break her promise.

Mrs. Loomis, mother of Bill, Wheeler, Grove, Denio, Cornelia, and the rest of the Loomises, the notorious Oswego, N. Y., outlaws, has commenced a suit against the estate which Grove left to Nellie Smith, his mistress, for the recovery of nearly \$20,000, alleged to be due for rent of the Sangerfield farm, and for borrowed money.

CLARK LEE, a negro ruffian who attempted to commit an outrage upon Mrs. Settle, wife of the County Treasurer of Fayette county, W. Va., and who, during her successful resistance of his feindish assault, broke her leg and her collar bone, and pulled her tonsils out, was captured by the incensed citizens and righteously hanged to a tree on the 5th inst.

WILLIAM TEETS, a well-known and respectable farmer, who lived ten miles southwest of Muscatine, Iowa, was murdered on the afternoon of the 8th with a club in the hands of William Pickering. The act seems to have been caused by family troubles. The murdered man was a son-in-law of Mrs. Dickerson, a widow, who employed Pickering as a farm hand on her estate, and between whom improper intimacy has been charged. Pickering has not yet been captured.

The trial of Buford for the murder of Judge Elliot, at Frankfort, Ky., several months ago, was set for the 8th, before Judge Macnamara, at Owenton, Ky. When the case was called the witnesses for the state were present, but Buford's witnesses, with the exception of three or four, were absent. The judge declared his determination to try the case at this term of the court, and after ordering that the absent witnesses be fined, adjourned court until the following day.

FRANK COSGROVE, who was recently convicted in General Sessions, in this city, of having been an accessory before the act to the crime of malpractice on the person of Cora Sammis, daughter of a prosperous farmer of Northport, L. I., performed by Bertha Berger, in East Twenty-sixth street, from the effects of which she died, and for which Mrs. Berger is now serving a twelve-year sentence, was arraigned before Judge Cowing on the 8th and sentenced to four years in the state prison.

In Chicago, Ill., on the 4th, Robert Anderson, a young man of nineteen, was killed by John McQuade, as the result of a squabble over a base-ball. The ball belonged to Anderson, who was unwilling the others should have it to play with, whereupon there was a scuffle between him and McQuade, who is a brutal young ruffian in his dealings with boys of his age. Anderson was on his knees in the act of picking up the ball when McQuade gave him a vicious kick under the jaw and he fell over and died almost instantly. The examination of the body showed that death was the result of compression of the brain, produced by the internal rupture of an artery caused by McQuade's kick.

In Geneva, N. Y., on the 8th, Allen Richards, a well to do harnessmaker, was for some trivial offence chastising his son in the barn adjoining his residence in Geneva street. An older brother of the boy was present, and took exceptions to the punishment. He then retired to the house and was seen in consultation with his mother. The father, enraged at something his son had said, reached the house a few minutes later and threatened vengeance on all, but particular attention was directed to his wife. The son, as he supposed, to save his mother, seized a knife and cut his father's throat so it is thought he will die. The son was promptly arrested. Richards is known to have an ugly disposition, and has frequently abused his family. He is quite wealthy.

ENOCH G. PRALL, of Phillipsburg, N. J., the forger, whose operations at the First National and Easton National Bank in Easton, Pa., have already been noticed, was brought up for sentence on the 7th. His counsel stated that Prall had returned to the First National Bank \$800 of the \$750 obtained by his forgery, and would make restitution in full to both banks. The forgeries aggregated the sum of fifteen hundred dollars. Judge Meyers, in sentencing the prisoner, said that the limit of the law in each indictment was ten years' imprisonment and \$1,000 fine, making twenty years and \$2,000 fine in all. In consideration, however, of the fact that he was a married man, with several small children, and that his previous character was very good, the court would be lenient. The sentence was \$50 fine and six years' imprisonment on each indictment. The terms of imprisonment run parallel.

The hearing upon the petition for commutation of the sentence of Buzzell, the Ossipee, N. H., murderer, was held by the Governor and council at Concord, N. H., on the 8th. No persons were admitted to the chamber except the counsel for the prisoner, State Attorney-General Tappan, such gentlemen as the council designated, and members of the press. The forenoon was occupied by Mr. Edgerty in an argument for the prisoner. He claimed that injustice had been done Buzzell as it was upon the testimony of Cook alone that he was convicted; that the judge charged the jury upon the trial, that if they believed Cook's testimony, they should return a verdict of guilty, and if they did not, to return one of not guilty. The petitions presented, he said, were signed by men of high legal attainments and gentlemen of standing in the state, who had carefully examined the case and believed that injustice had been done Buzzell. He also presented a petition with 2,000 signatures, representing several counties, urging a commutation of sentence. The Governor and council held a meeting the same evening, the session lasting until ten o'clock. It was decided unanimously not to commute Buzzell's sentence.

WASTINGS FROM THE WINGS.

Where Some People Are—The Dead Bowery—No Special Railroad Rates—Boucicault—Foreign Gossip.

Colonel Sellers has been in town getting ready for the production, next month at Wallack's, of "Woolfert's Roost." He looks hale and hearty and wears a pepper-and-salt suit of clothes.

I saw Jim Collier skipping across Broadway the other afternoon, neat and natty as ever. Nothing fazes James in this changeable world. He has the science of taking care of himself, down fine.

Emma Abbott wears her shawl rolled and slung to her arm. It's a new idea, and when people say, "Who is that richly attired lady?" the answer is, "Why, that's the famous singer, Miss Abbott," etc. That shawl covers a multitude of advertising.

Australia is doomed. "Pinafores" are bearing down on the country in all directions.

Aimee is singing in San Francisco. She suits 'Frisco and frisky people.

Booth is making "damnable faces" over the Saratoga waters.

Miss "Gwilt" Cavendish is vacationing at Block Island.

Bandmann will play at the Standard Theatre next season.

The Madison Square Theatre is to be magnificently rebuilt, with an entrance on Twenty-third street.

The Bowery Theatre is dead and the new German temple of amusement will be not at Thalia like the old place. Manager Hofele will take charge of the Stadt.

Bernhardt's companions speak of her as *ette saltimbague*, which probably alludes to the way she makes the francs to salt in bank.

Nilsson and Patti are both in the private performance business. They get \$700 to sing two songs. I'll sing fifteen for \$800.

Hartz took in a great many people and \$68,000 last season.

Mr. John W. Hamilton, with Cooper & Bailey, is the most successful and popular circus press agent in the field.

The season at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, will open on August 18. Among the engagements already made are those with the Kralfys' Black Crook company, the Colville Folly troupe, Neilson, the Emma Abbott Opera troupe, John T. Raymond, Barney Macaulay, John McCullough, Tompkins and Hill's Andre Fortier, and Mary Anderson.

It is said that "Chawles" Mapleson has married Cavallazzi, the *diva*.

Arbuckle, Gilmore, The Red Hussars, nigger minstrels and the babies supply Coney Island with music.

If Capoul doesn't come to America he pays Maurice Grau \$20,000 forfeit.

Just as everything is arranged for nothing but combination companies on the road, the big railway corporations do away with special rates. Phew!

Nellie Bingham comes back to Wallack's next season.

John Stetson and J. H. Haverley will paddle separate canoes next season.

Mr. and Mrs. Nat Goodwin are at Larchmont Manor.

Edwin Booth, Sothorn, Jefferson, the Maretzek Grand Opera company and Maurice Grau's Opera Bouffe company, with Capoul and Paola Marie, are among the attractions already booked at Ford's South Broad Street Theatre, Philadelphia, for the coming season.

See what Boucicault says. Can he mean me also, who so admire the dear, modest man?

"I don't care a straw for all the critics that ever dipped their pens into ink. The rock of Gibraltar might be overthrown with a squirt as easily as I can be moved by all the ink ever shed in my abuse. 'London Assurance' has stood its ground for thirty-eight years, and my Irish drama will stand its ground in the next century, not because of its merit, which is not great, but because of its originality."

Now the plain truth is that Boucicault takes the palm as a dramatic purloiner.

The Paris *Figaro* gives an amusing account of the luncheon given by "le lord-Maire de la cite de Londres, Sir Charles Watham," to the artists of the Comedie-Francaise. The English stage, it says, was represented by "Miss Neilson, une adorable tragedienne et comedienne, qui a joue onze cents fois le role de Juliette; Mme. Kendel, Mme. Bankroff, Miss Neville, M. Vesin, M. Windham, M. Ch. Warner qui a en ce moment un grand succes a Londres dans The Drink, imitation de L'Assommoir." We are also told that "le succes de beaute" fell to Mile. Barretta, who was much remarked by the Lord Mayor, while Mile. Sarah Bernhardt did not seem to enjoy herself very much.

Here's a Pinafore story from the *Star*. Personally I consider it as being worn to a skeleton by the heat, a trifle you know.—During the run of Pinafore at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, while Miss Ida Foy was the Hebe, this young lady was the recipient of some presents and a large number of bouquets. These latter she thought so little of that on entering the wings she gave them away to the chorus singers. One night Miss Foy received a very compact bouquet, and as usual gave it to one of the ladies of the chorus, saying: "Take it; I don't want it." The young lady took the bouquet home, and placed it in water. Next day as she plucked a flower for her breast, she noticed a neat parcel, took the cover off, and then a covering of cotton wool, when lo! a tiny Geneva watch was revealed. The young lady now wears it as a memento of her courtship of Sir Joseph. This story we give for what it is worth.

Pretty Florence Ellis is in town.

Frank Chantreau will open at the Boston Theatre.

Matt Morgan is in Cincinnati drawing big salary and pictures in a theatrical lithographic house.

Charles Reade is likely to make a fortune out of "Drink," his dramatization of Zola's novel "L'Assommoir." The play, although it does not differ much from the one that failed in this city, is an enormous success in England. How deeply it interests audiences was indicated during a recent performance in London. In the bar-room scene, where *Cyprien* is tempted to drink, an excited old woman in the pit cried out: "Don't give it him, you beasts; don't give it him!"

MARQUIS OF LOBENKITT.

CHARLES LUCE, formerly chief of police of Utica, N. Y., has been sent to the Onondaga county penitentiary to serve six months, on conviction of practicing extortion. The thirty-eight years of Luce's life have been eventful. He has been a printer, a publisher, the head of the police department, a swindler and a blackmailer, and all in rapid succession. Among his recent exploits was the theft of a twenty-five cent picture from a photographer's room, with which is connected a story. A woman in the vicinity became jealous of her husband, and hired Luce to shadow him. Luce concluded that it would be necessary to have a photograph of some woman which he might take to the wife at the proper time as that of the object of her husband's attentions. Hence the theft. The picture stolen was that of one of the most respectable young ladies in Utica. Luckily the facts were discovered in time to prevent the disgrace to which an innocent girl would have been subjected. The offense on which he was sentenced was that of charging that a certain merchant's store was being robbed nightly. The merchant gave Luce a dollar to tell him who the thief was, and was told that it was his own brother. Luce subsequently obtained \$10 of the man as hush money, to stop threatened publication.

ADVERTISING.

A FEW advertisements will be inserted on this page at 50c. per line, net, payable in advance, for each and every insertion. No electrotypes or advertisements of a questionable character accepted.

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This Institution was regularly incorporated by the Legislature of the State for Educational and Charitable purposes, in 1868, FOR THE TERM OF TWENTY-FIVE YEARS, by which contract the inviolable faith of the State is pledged, with a capital of \$1,000,000, to which it has since added a reserved fund of \$350,000. IT NEVER SCALES OR POSTPONES. 11th Monthly Grand Distribution, New Orleans, August 12th. 1877 prizes, total, \$110,400; capitals, \$80,000; \$10,000, \$5,000, &c. 100,000 tickets, two (\$2 dollars); halves, one (\$1 dollar). Apply to M. A. DUFILH, P. O. Box 482, New Orleans, La.; or same at 310 Broadway, New York.

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A FATAL FOURTH—CRIMES AND CASUALTIES INCIDENT TO THE CELEBRATION OF THE NATION'S BIRTHDAY, JULY 4, 1879.

1—Mysterious shooting of John F. Seymour, in the grounds of the Episcopal Seminary; New York City. 2—George Siak murdered by Richard Rawlinson, for noisily celebrating the day; Tompkinsville, Staten Island. 3—Patrick Nichols fatally stabs John O'Connell, his employer, in revenge for a thrashing; Nyack, N. Y. 4—Michael McArthur shot by Officer Wade, while creating a riot at East River Park; New York City. 5—Miss Jessie Dunbar fatally burned by a firecracker, thrown at her in a spirit of wanton mischief by a reckless youth; Fishkill, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 10.